NO.3 NOVEMBER $2.95

ECLIPSE

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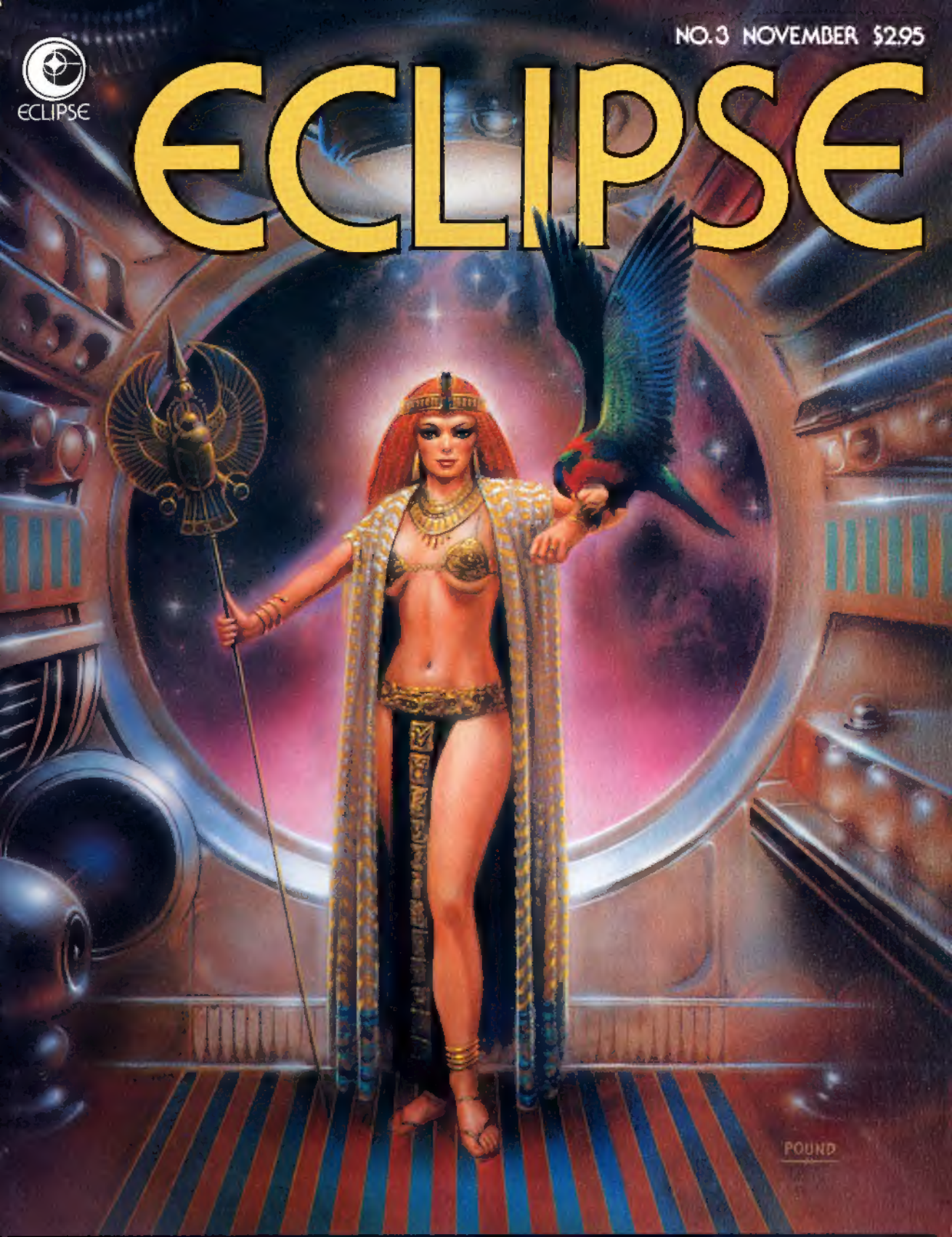

THE THREE SPIRITS OF LIFE — by Wendy Pini

FAUNA

MYCOTA

THE THREE SPIRITS OF LIFE

Wendy Pini has won world-wide acclaim for her beautiful artwork on the Elfquest Saga. She has turned her illustrative talents towards an interpertation of the three varieties of life found in our world: plant, animal and funghi. These three images will be released as a suite of full-color prints, signed and limited to only 1,000 copies. They will be published one a month in July, August, and September. They may be purchased separately or as a set. Orders for the set will receive the same number on each print. Orders for sets must pay for all three prints when ordering.

These prints will not be available in any store. There is no wholesale to the trade, and to insure that Ms. Pini's fans all have a chance to own these beautiful pieces we are limiting orders to *one per customer.* We expect a quick sell-out on these delightful prints. Each one is professionally matted for instant display. Don't be left out.

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FLORA

EDITORIAL

I'm writing this just before I hit the road for the summer convention circuit. I'll be travelling clear 'cross the country, reaffirming old friendships, making new ones and meeting with many comics creators to insure that in the coming months **Eclipse** will present the finest talents in the industry.

There are no such things as simple vacations in this business. Every trip is a working vacation. Yet a working vacation which finds me having breakfast with Max Collins and Terry Beatty in Chicago, lunch with Steve Gerber in L.A., and then dinner with Steve Leialoha, Trina Robbins and Tom Orzechowski in San Diego is nothing I'm complaining about. Nor is the likelihood of signing new writers and artists to work with Eclipse, and having the opportunity to meet many of you.

At the New York Comic Art Convention this past weekend I thoroughly enjoyed speaking with some of you; your feedback is invaluable and your enthusiasm is encouraging. I'd like to thank all of you who have written. We love getting mail so keep those letters and cards coming.

In response to your requests regarding what's new from Eclipse, the answer is "lots!" Jim Starlin's Metamorphosis Odyssey book, **The Price**, has just been released, and the third printing of the original **Sabre** by Don McGregor and Paul Gulacy will hit the stands momentarily with a new cover painting by Gulacy. Speaking of **Sabre**, Don McGregor has completed the script for the sequel, which will be released towards the end of this year as a special mini-series, as will **The Road to Xanadu** by Steve Englehart and Marshall Rogers. It's the story of a tarot-reading astrologer based in Paris who battles dead men and demons. And on the subject of Marshall's art, you'll see more of it in the coming year--plus his Gray Stranger character--as he teams with **X-Men**'s Chris Claremont in a full-length gothic occult story, **Patience Graymalkin.**

Finally, we've got a very special project in the works courtesy of Steve Gerber and Jack "King" Kirby! It will hit the stands in October as the first Eclipse comic published in a 32-page **full color** comic book format. The title is **Destroyer Duck** and it's about a manslaying mallard from another dimension who comes to Earth to avenge his brother's death! This will be a special benefit issue to which we're all donating our talents and time, and all profits will go to support Steve's lawsuit to establish his ownership of his prior waterfowl creation, Howard the Duck.

Eclipse has always enabled its writers and artists to retain ownership of their own creations. We feel that this lawsuit can lead to the next major breakthrough for creators' rights. By buying **Destroyer Duck**, you will not only be getting one of the funniest and most inventive comics of the year, but you will be helping to put creators' rights in comics on a par with those in other media.

Until next issue...

Dean Mullaney

Dean Mullaney, Editor

ECLIPSE
NO. 3 NOV. 1981

CONTENTS

Cover
by John Pound

Editorial by Dean Mullaney 1
Illustration by Lela Dowling

Coyote: part two 4
by Steve Englehart & Marshall Rogers

Vamp Dance 17
by Kaz

Ragamuffins: Kindergarten Run 21
by Don McGregor & Gene Colan

A Bag Full of Dreams 31
by Charles Vess

Large Cow Comix 36
by Hunt Emerson

Dope: The Fatal Cigarette 39
by Trina Robbins

Role Model: conclusion 45
by Steve Gerber & Val Mayerik

Because 52
by George Pratt & Kent Williams

Ms. Tree: Death is a Little Black Book 53
by Max Allan Collins & Terry Beatty

Letters Column 63

Contributors 64

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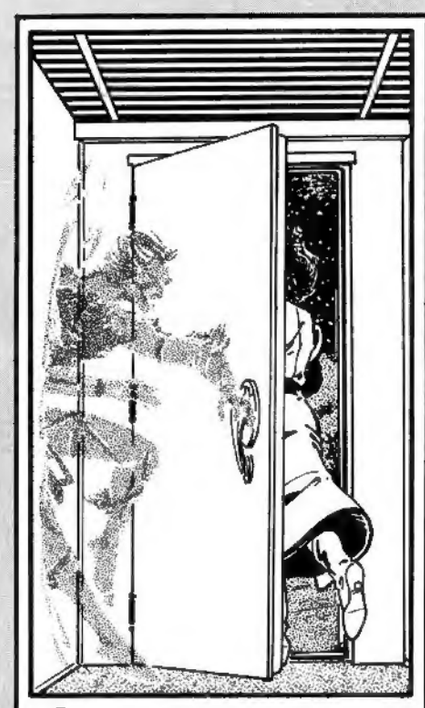
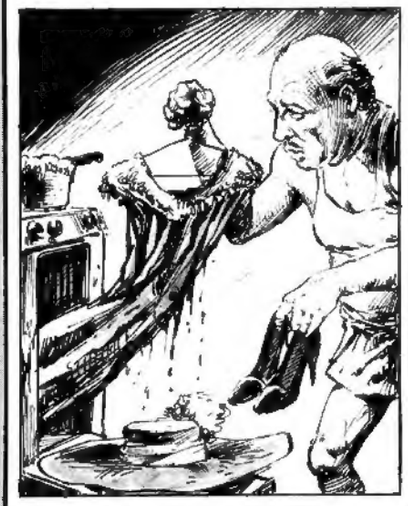


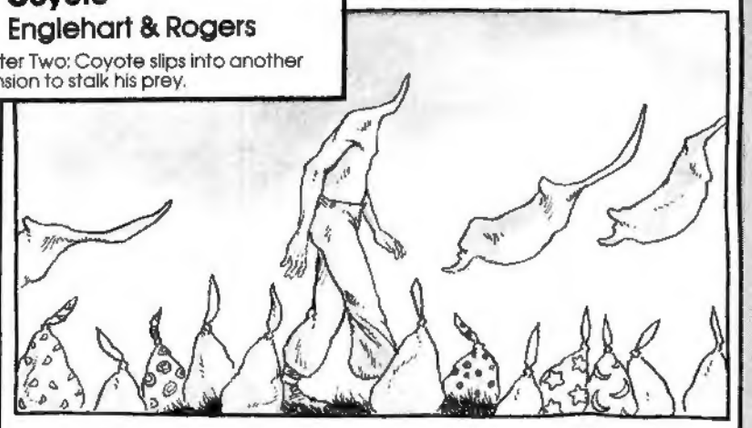
4 Coyote Englehart & Rogers
Chapter Two: Coyote slips into another dimension to stalk his prey.

45 Role Model Gerber & Mayerik
Conclusion: who's watching the watchdog?



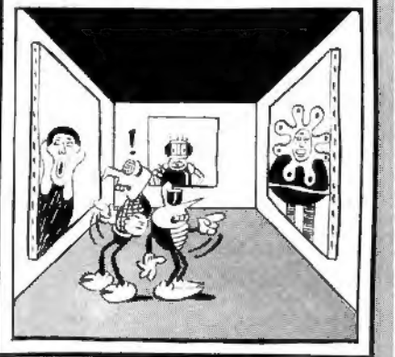
39 Dope Robbins
Chapter Two: a kidnapping, a murder, and a doped cigarette.

53 Ms. Tree Collins & Beatty
Chapter Three: Mike Tree's address book holds the key to his murder.



31 A Bag Full of Dreams Vess
A religious pilgrimage with empty (?) sacks as the pilgrims.

21 Ragamuffins McGregor & Colan
A child's fantasies come to life...or do they?



17 Vamp Dance Kaz
Three separate vignettes about pomposity, displacement, and fine art.

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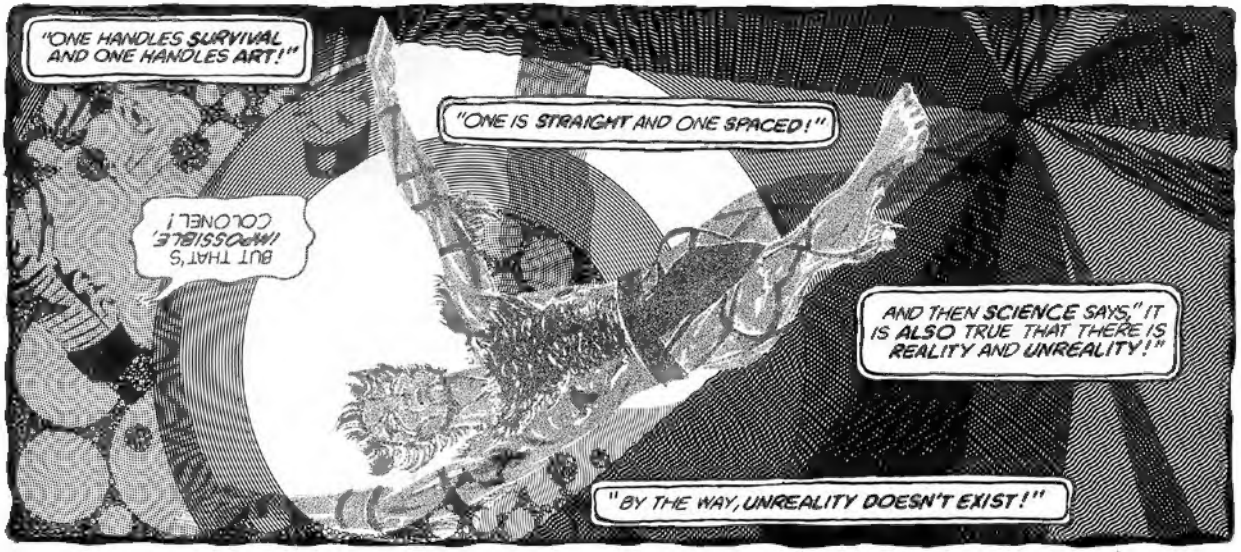
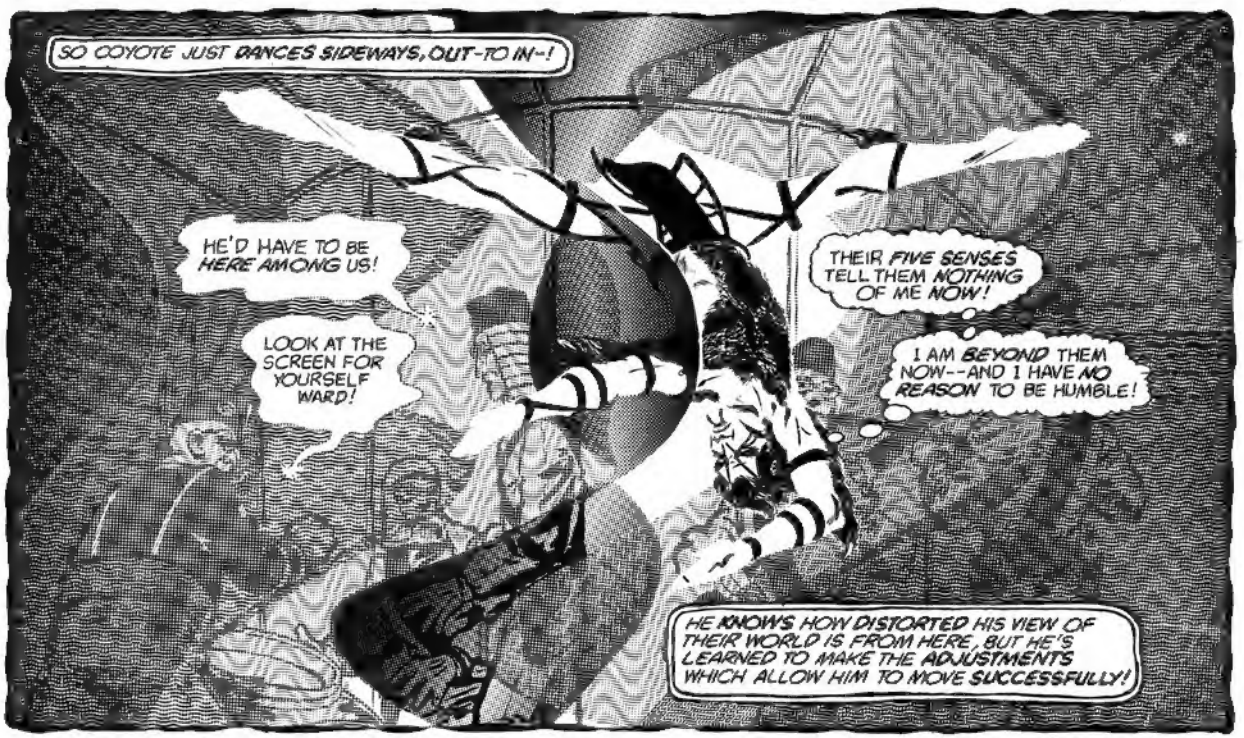
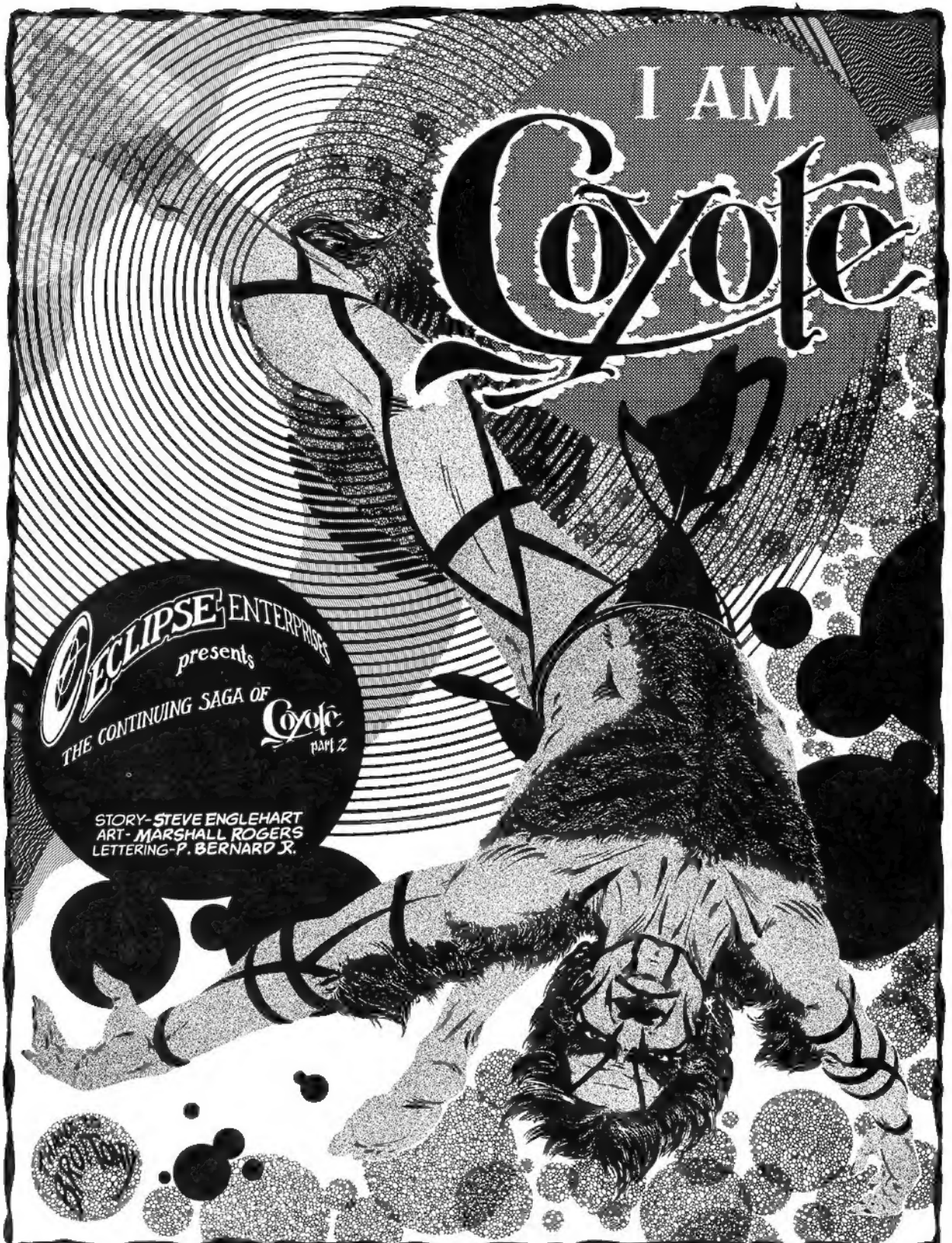
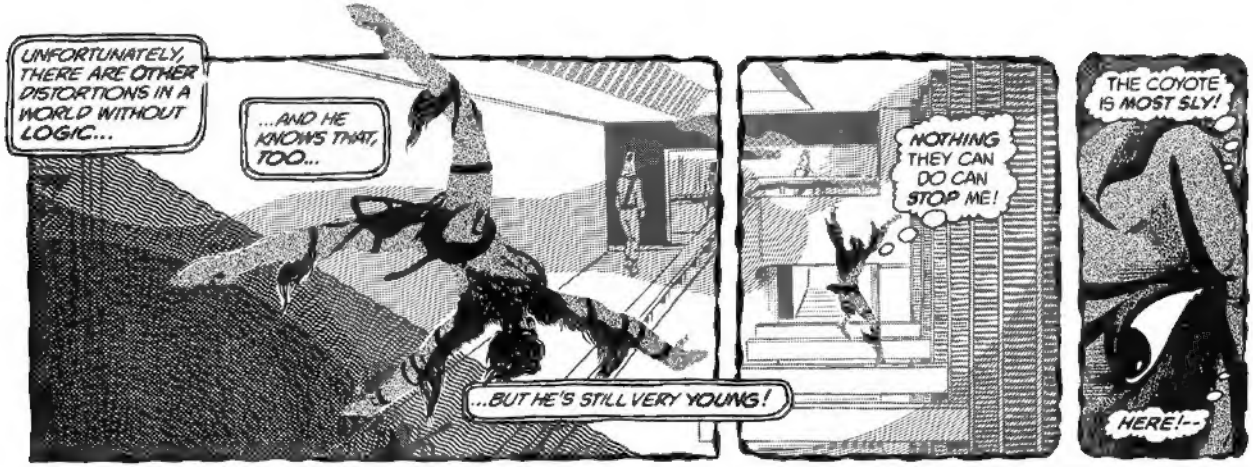
IN THE DESERT THEY CALLED HIM AN ANIMAL.
IN LAS VEGAS THEY THOUGHT HIM A MAN.
NOW DEEP BENEATH THE HIDDEN HI-TECH COMPOUND OF THE SHADOW CABINET THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEARN DIFFERENT--
OKAY, WARD! NOW WE'RE GONNA FINISH THIS ANIMAL-MAN ONCE AND FOR ALL!
HE'S RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--
GORTA-RADAR
WHAT IS "LOUD" FOR YOU INSIDER? ARE YOUR WORDS NOT THUNDER IN YOUR EARS, AS IN MINE?
AND DO YOU NOT SMELL YOURSELVES WITH YOUR "DEODORANTS?"
"THIS" IS A VERY SIMPLE THING-- WHEN YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE!
BUT BE HUMBLE, COYOTE! THERE CAN BE NO OTHER LIKE YOURSELF!
NO OTHER WHO--
--CAN DO THIS!
COLONEL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THE BOGEY!
IT'S A TWISTING--
--A TURNING SIDEWAYS--
--A DANCE STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES!
SONUVA**!! WATCH OUT, MEN! HE'S GONE OFF THE SCREEN!
AND COYOTE HAS ONLY RECENTLY LEARNED THAT SCIENCE CAN EXPLAIN IT! SCIENCE SAYS "THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO THE BRAIN! ONE HANDLES LOGIC AND ONE HANDLES EMOTION!"


"ONE HANDLES SURVIVAL AND ONE HANDLES ART!"
"ONE IS STRAIGHT AND ONE SPACED!"
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, COLONEL!
AND THEN SCIENCE SAYS," IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT THERE IS REALITY AND UNREALITY!"
"BY THE WAY, UNREALITY DOESN'T EXIST!"


SO COYOTE JUST DANCES SIDEWAYS, OUT-TO IN--!
HE'D HAVE TO BE HERE AMONG US!
LOOK AT THE SCREEN FOR YOURSELF WARD!
THEIR FIVE SENSES TELL THEM NOTHING OF ME NOW!
I AM BEYOND THEM NOW--AND I HAVE NO REASON TO BE HUMBLE!
HE KNOWS HOW DISTORTED HIS VIEW OF THEIR WORLD IS FROM HERE, BUT HE'S LEARNED TO MAKE THE ADJUSTMENTS WHICH ALLOW HIM TO MOVE SUCCESSFULLY!

I AM UNIQUE NOW! I AM THE INVINCIBLE ONE!


I AM
Coyote
ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES
presents
THE CONTINUING SAGA OF
Coyote
part 2
STORY-STEVE ENGLEHART
ART-MARSHALL ROGERS
LETTERING-P. BERNARD X.


UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE OTHER DISTORTIONS IN A WORLD WITHOUT LOGIC...
...AND HE KNOWS THAT, TOO...
...BUT HE'S STILL VERY YOUNG!
NOTHING THEY CAN DO CAN STOP ME!
THE COYOTE IS MOST SLY!
HERE!--

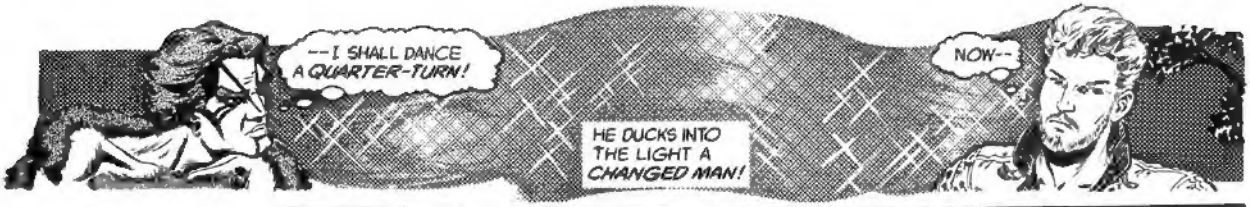
--HERE IS MY PREY!
--LIKE AN ANIMAL, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY! I DON'T KNOW HOW ELSE TO PUT IT!
THAT'S CLEAR ENOUGH, CLINE!
IN ANY EVENT, YOU DELIVERED YOUR PACKAGE!

THE SHADOW CABINET EXTENDS ITS SINCERE APPRECIATION!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CABINET'S SUPERIOR DEFENSES WILL KEEP MERE ANIMALS AWAY! WE HAVE NO NEED TO "BEWARE OF DOG," heh heh!

BUT THE FORM OF THIS ATTACK, AND THE IDENTITY OF THE MASTER WHO LOOSED THE DOG--
BREASTS OF THE GREAT SPIRIT! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

--THESE ARE MATTERS WHICH TROUBLE ME!
I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO GO TO THE VOID, TO SEEK HIS---
I'M SORRY, PHYLLIDA, BUT I MUST INTERRUPT! THE ANIMAL-MAN HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED, INSIDE THIS COMPOUND!
DAMN!!
I KNEW IT!
WHAT!?
MISS WEST--!
QUIET!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, PHYLLIDA--
NEITHER DO I, COLONEL--
--BUT THIS MEETING IS DISMISSED AS OF NOW!
EVERYONE TO HIS EXIT IMMEDIATELY!
CLINE BOLTS FOR THE MAIN DOOR! THE CABINET MEMBERS BOLT FOR NEW DOORS, APPEARING BEHIND EACH CHAIR!
IN FIFTEEN SECONDS, THEY ARE ALL GONE!
BUT WHEN COYOTE FOLLOWS, HE DOES NOT FOLLOW CLINE!
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN-- AND THE PACK'S LEADER!
ONLY A FOOL WOULD FOLLOW THE MAN!
SHE IS SLY, HERSELF!
HER EXIT BROUGHT HER OUT ON THE GRANDIOSE'S GOLF COURSE!
SHE WILL LOSE HERSELF AMONG THE HOTEL'S MOB UNLESS I FOLLOW CLOSELY--
--AND TO DO THAT--

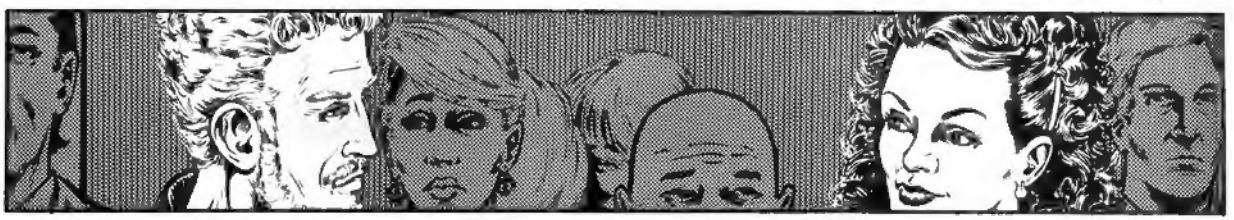

---I SHALL DANCE A QUARTER-TURN!
HE DUCKS INTO THE LIGHT A CHANGED MAN!
NOW--

GOLF COURSE

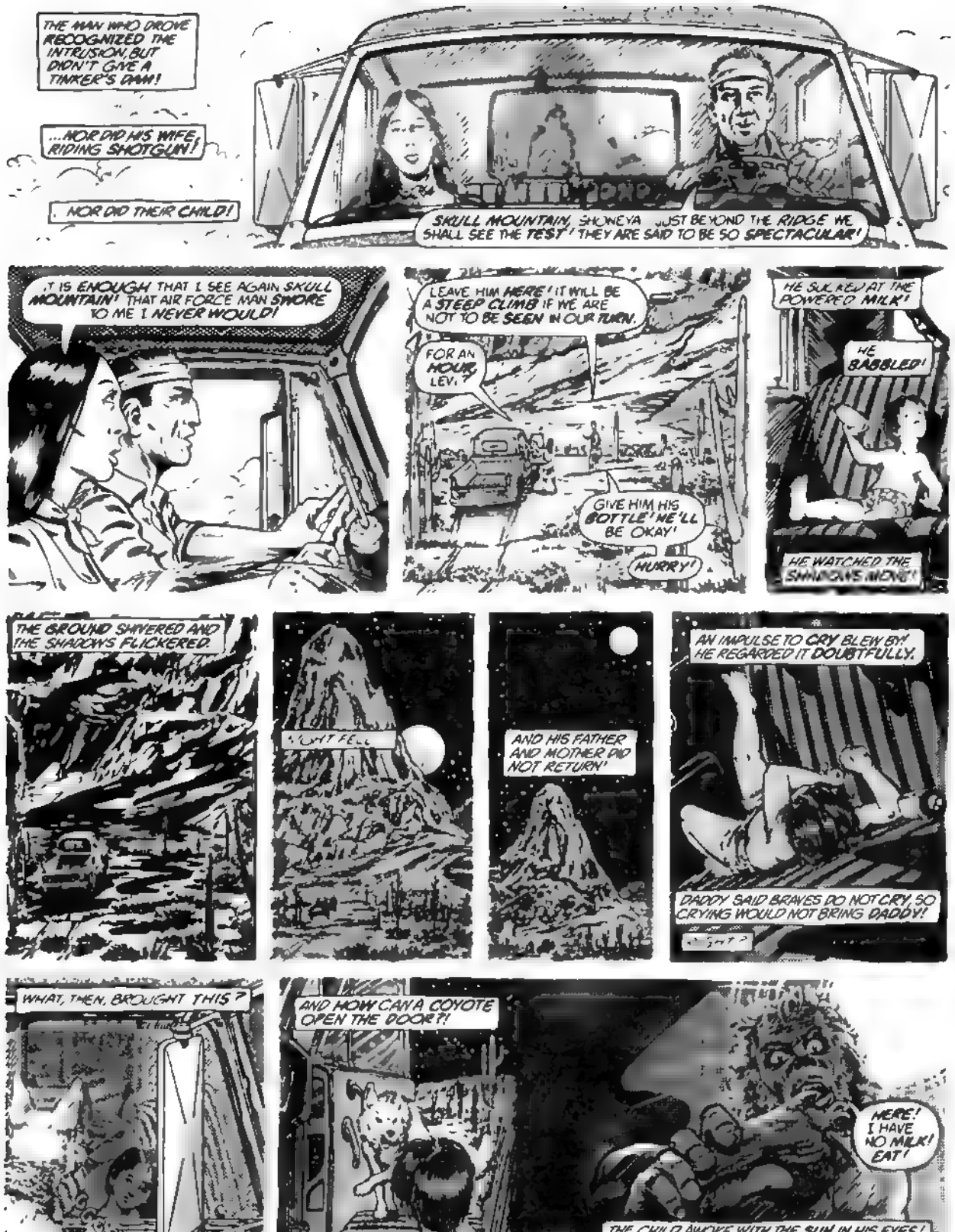
WHO IS THIS MAN?

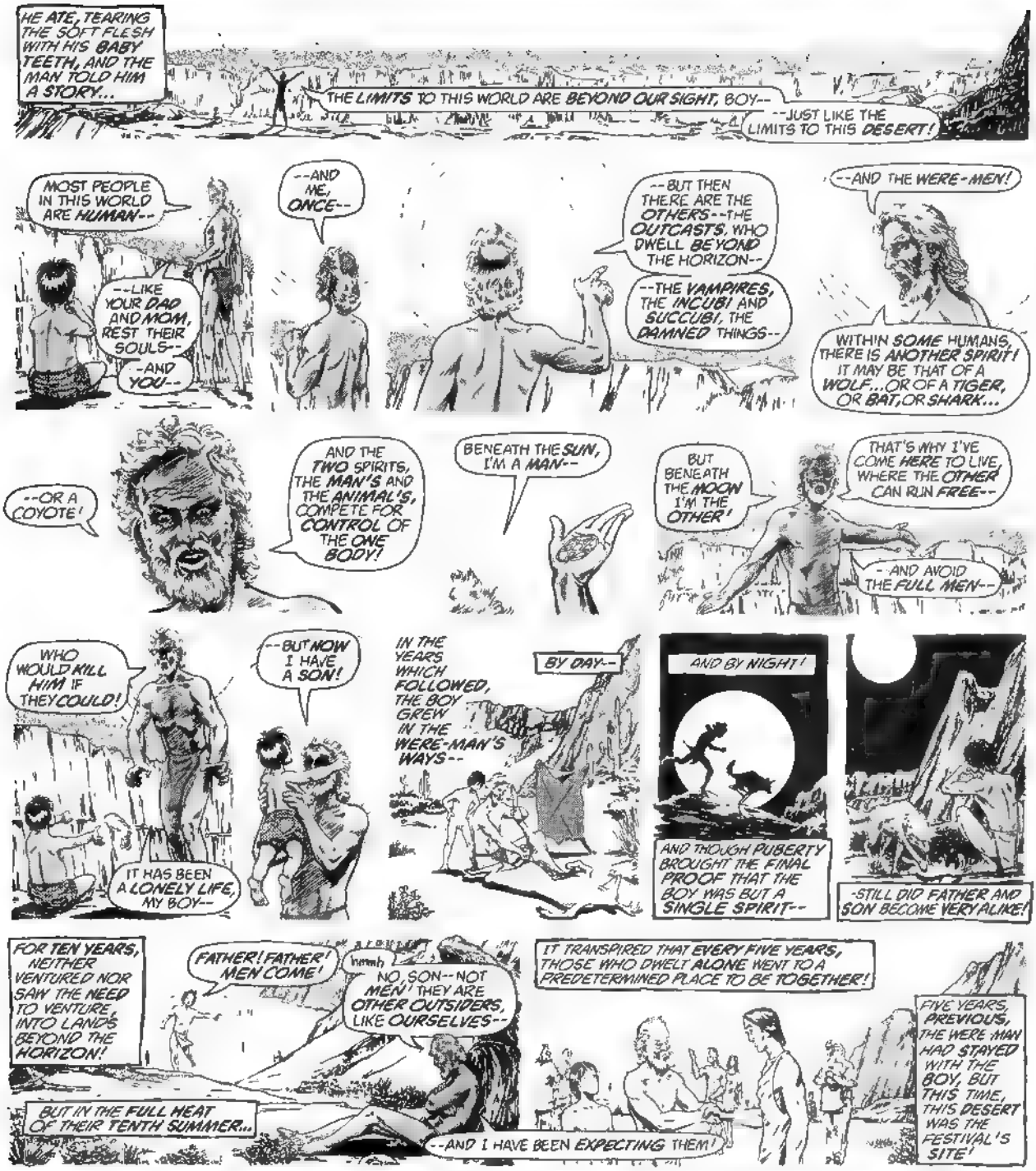
Coming Attraction
ON THE ROAD
PHONE
LOVERS

HEY!



HER SCENT HANGS SWEETLY ON THE STALE CONDITIONED AIR!
THE NAP BENT BENEATH HER FEET STILL RISES!
THIS IS HER ROOM! PHYLLIDA--
--MY NEW PREY!
WHAT IS THIS.. ANIMAL...?
SIXTEEN YEARS BEFORE:
THE ANCIENT TRUCK PICKED ITS WAY ACROSS THE WIDE AND WHITE-HOT PLANE, INTRUDING ON THE CACTI AND THE LIZARDS.

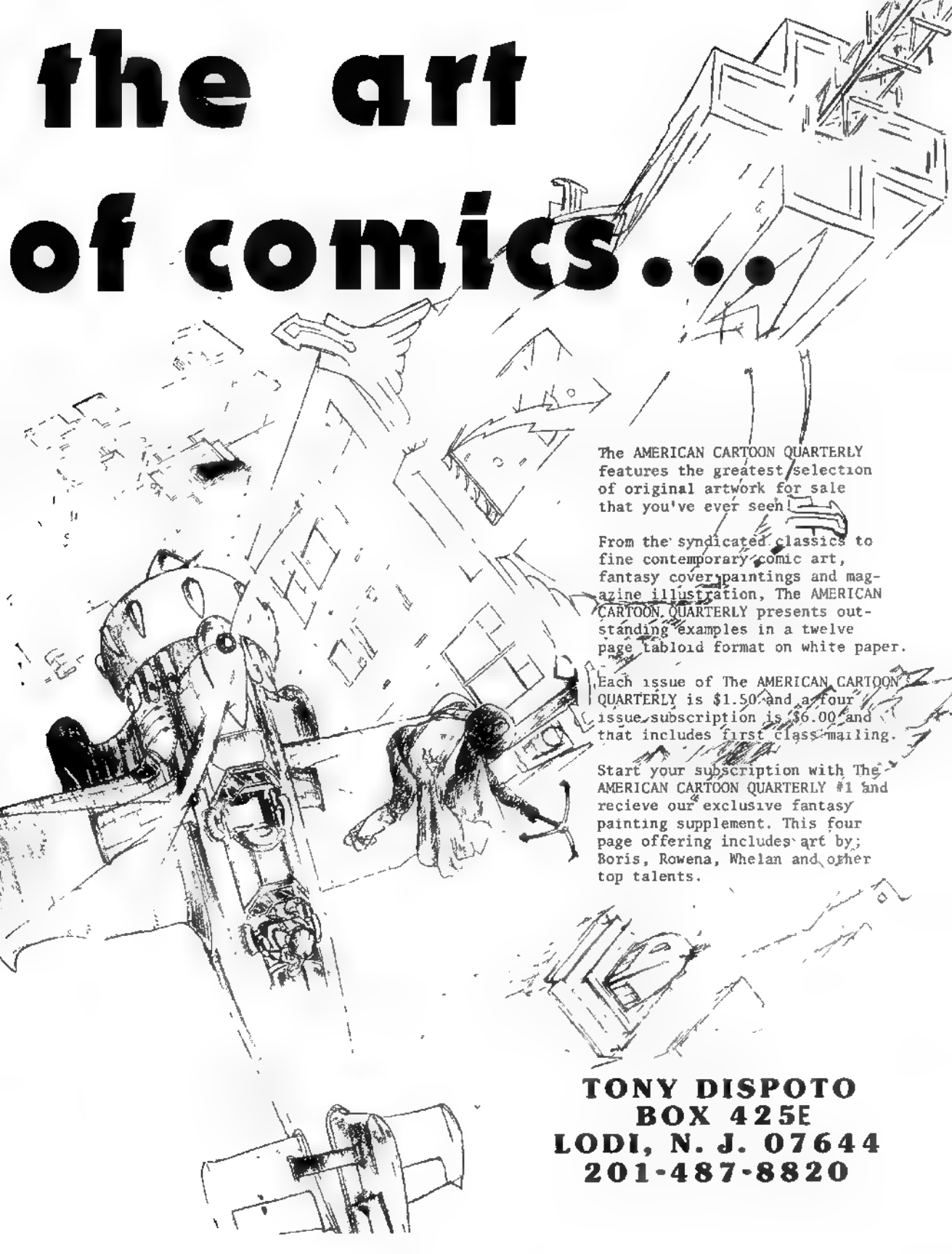

THE MAN WHO DROVE RECOGNIZED THE INTRUSION, BUT DIDN'T GIVE A TINKER'S DAM!
...NOR DID HIS WIFE, RIDING SHOTGUN!
...NOR DID THEIR CHILD!
SKULL MOUNTAIN, SHONEYA ...JUST BEYOND THE RIDGE WE SHALL SEE THE TEST! THEY ARE SAID TO BE SO SPECTACULAR!
IT IS ENOUGH THAT I SEE AGAIN SKULL MOUNTAIN! THAT AIR FORCE MAN SWORE TO ME I NEVER WOULD!
LEAVE HIM HERE! IT WILL BE A STEEP CLIMB IF WE ARE NOT TO BE SEEN IN OUR TURN.
FOR AN HOUR, LEV?
GIVE HIM HIS BOTTLE! HE'LL BE OKAY!
HURRY!
HE SULKED AT THE POWDERED MILK!
HE BABBLED!
HE WATCHED THE SHADOWS MOVE!
THE GROUND SHIVERED AND THE SHADOWS FLICKERED.
AND HIS FATHER AND MOTHER DID NOT RETURN!
AN IMPULSE TO CRY BLEW BY! HE REGARDED IT DOUBTFULLY.
DADDY SAID BRAVES DO NOT CRY, SO CRYING WOULD NOT BRING DADDY!
WHAT, THEN, BROUGHT THIS?
AND HOW CAN A COYOTE OPEN THE DOOR?!
HERE! I HAVE NO MILK! EAT!
THE CHILD AWOKE WITH THE SUN IN HIS EYES! A WILD-EYED MAN HUNCHED BESIDE HIM!


HE ATE, TEARING THE SOFT FLESH WITH HIS BABY TEETH, AND THE MAN TOLD HIM A STORY...
THE LIMITS TO THIS WORLD ARE BEYOND OUR SIGHT, BOY--
--JUST LIKE THE LIMITS TO THIS DESERT!
MOST PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD ARE HUMAN--
--LIKE YOUR DAD AND MOM, REST THEIR SOULS--
--AND YOU--
--AND ME, ONCE--
--BUT THEN THERE ARE THE OTHERS--THE OUTCASTS, WHO DWELL BEYOND THE HORIZON--
--THE VAMPIRES, THE INCUBI AND SUCCUBI, THE DAMNED THINGS--
--AND THE WERE-MEN!
WITHIN SOME HUMANS, THERE IS ANOTHER SPIRIT! IT MAY BE THAT OF A WOLF...OR OF A TIGER, OR BAT, OR SHARK...
--OR A COYOTE!
AND THE TWO SPIRITS, THE MAN'S AND THE ANIMAL'S, COMPETE FOR CONTROL OF THE ONE BODY!
BENEATH THE SUN, I'M A MAN--
BUT BENEATH THE MOON I'M THE OTHER!
THAT'S WHY I'VE COME HERE TO LIVE, WHERE THE OTHER CAN RUN FREE--
--AND AVOID THE FULL MEN--
WHO WOULD KILL HIM IF THEY COULD!
--BUT NOW I HAVE A SON!
IT HAS BEEN A LONELY LIFE, MY BOY--
IN THE YEARS WHICH FOLLOWED, THE BOY GREW IN THE WERE-MAN'S WAYS--
BY DAY--
AND BY NIGHT!
AND THOUGH PUBERTY BROUGHT THE FINAL PROOF THAT THE BOY WAS BUT A SINGLE SPIRIT--
-STILL DID FATHER AND SON BECOME VERY ALIKE!
FOR TEN YEARS, NEITHER VENTURED NOR SAW THE NEED TO VENTURE INTO LANDS BEYOND THE HORIZON!
FATHER! FATHER! MEN COME!
hmmh
NO, SON--NOT MEN! THEY ARE OTHER OUTSIDERS, LIKE OURSELVES--
BUT IN THE FULL HEAT OF THEIR TENTH SUMMER...
--AND I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM!
IT TRANSPIRED THAT EVERY FIVE YEARS, THOSE WHO DWELT ALONE WENT TO A PREDETERMINED PLACE TO BE TOGETHER!
FIVE YEARS, PREVIOUS, THE WERE-MAN HAD STAYED WITH THE BOY, BUT THIS TIME, THIS DESERT WAS THE FESTIVAL'S SITE!
AND A GREAT FESTIVAL IT WAS!

IN A WEEK, IT WAS ENDED, IN EXHAUSTION...
...YET WHEN ALL THE OTHERS DEPARTED, ONE REMAINED!
MORYA
I'M A PSYCHIC VAMPIRE!
I CAN FEED ON THE EMOTIONS OF OTHERS AND DRAIN THEIR SPIRIT--
"I ABANDONED MY FAMILY AND WENT TO SEA, TAKING MY CURSE TO FOREIGN LANDS--"
--BUT IT'S EASIER FOR MEN TO LIVE ALONE, THAN WOMEN!"
I'VE BEEN ALONE TOO LONG!
I'VE COME TO LOVE YOUR FATHER AS YOU DO, AND I WANT TO STAY WITH HIM! HE COULD BE MY FAMILY NOW-- AND I SWEAR ON MY IMMORTAL SOUL NOT TO HARM HIM OR HIS!
SO IF YOU'LL HAVE ME, YOUNG COYOTE
I'LL BE YOUR LOV'NG MOTHER!
MORYA HAD A SOPHISTICATION THE WERE-MAN LACKED!
HER'S WAS AN OLD FAMILY, SHE SAID--WHENEVER SHE ALLOWED HERSELF TO SPEAK OF IT!
HER PAST WAS CLEARLY PAINFUL!
BUT SHE TALKED OF HER TRAVELS--
--AND TAUGHT COYOTE WHAT SHE'D LEARNED!
HE RODE ON HIS IMAGINATION AS SHE OPENED THE OUTER WORLD TO HIM, AND THEY GREW VERY CLOSE IN THAT WORLD!
NEITHER LOST ONE BIT OF THEIR LOVE FOR THE WERE-MAN--
--BUT THE ANIMAL WITHIN HIM WAS NEVER A TRUSTING DOG!
AND SO THINGS STOOD THIS VERY MONTH, ONE YEAR AGO-
--WHEN MORYA DECIDED TO SHOW COYOTE THE WORLD FACE-TO-FACE...
JUST ONE YEAR LATER, ON THE NIGHT FOLLOWING PHYLLIDA'S FLIGHT--
YOU WON! SEÑOR YOU WON AGAIN!
MTN GRANDIOSE

--IN THE APTLY NAMED GOLD ROOM OF HER HIGHRISE HOTEL!
THIS GAME IS SO BORING!
THE "DEALER" SHUFFLES HIS SEVERAL "DECKS," AND PLACES THEM IN THE "SHOE"!
I DANCE BESIDE HIM AND LEARN THE COMPLETE SEQUENCE OF "CARDS," THEN RETURN IN THIS RITUAL UNIFORM AND TAKE THE OTHER PLAYERS' "MONEY!"
1 CARD
HE'S BLOODY INCREDIBLE, THIS CHAP!
La neuf!
JESUS! HE DID IT AGAIN!
MORYA WOULD THINK ME "UNSPORTING"-- "IMMORAL!"
SHE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT COYOTES HAVE NO MORALS
CLAP CLAP CLAP
THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
"BRAVISIMO, OL' BOY!"
IF HE NEEDS SOMETHING, A COYOTE SIMPLY TAKES IT!
AI! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!
Wink!
WELL, LUCKY AT CARDS AND LUCKY AT LOVE!
THIS IS INDEED A NIGHT FOR BREAKING TRADITION!
PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF--!
GO RIGHT AHEAD! IT LOOKS LIKE I AM!
DIEGO CALDERÓN, A tu servicio, Señorita!
PHYLLIDA WEST!
CARE TO CASH THAT CHIP AND BUY ME A CUERVO?
IT'S GOTTEN VERY HOT IN HERE ALL OF A SUDDEN!
AND THUS BEGINS "HOT TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD OF ECLIPSE WITH

the art of comics...



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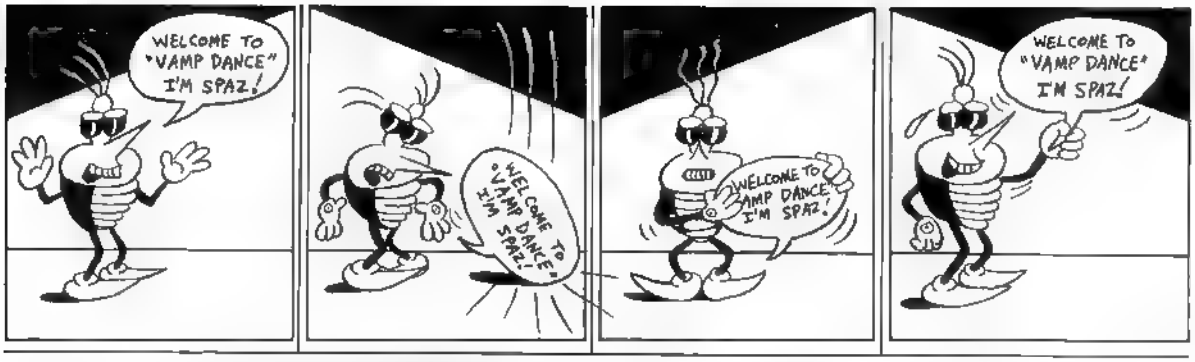
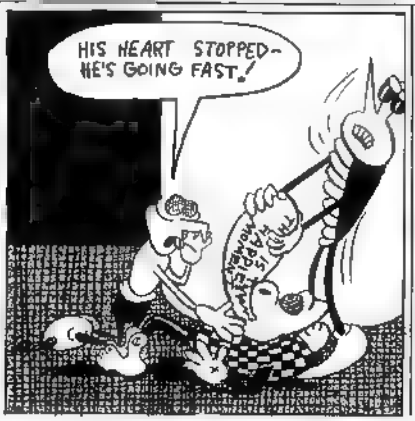


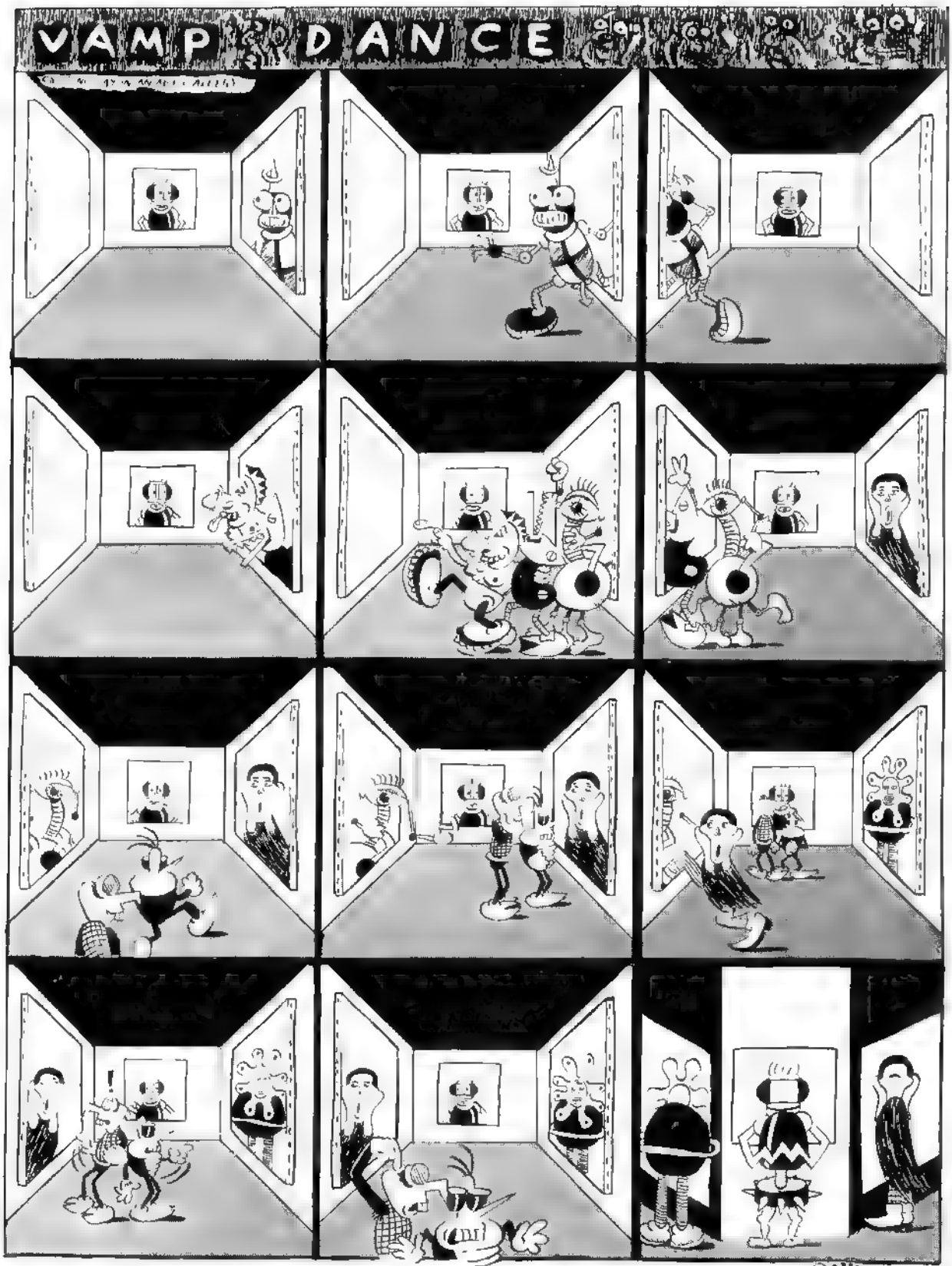
VAMP DANCE

©1980 KATZ

WE ARE HERE TODAY TO HONOR YOUR CHOICE FOR - THE "MAN OF THE YEAR". SO, WITHOUT ANY FURTHER ADO - HERE HE IS "MAN OF THE YEAR" MR. BLUE MONDAY!



VAMP
DANCE
EVERY NIGHT I WALK THE STREETS A NOCTURNAL NINCOMPOOP. MY BED WAS REPOSSESSED I WANT TO GET IT BACK UNTILL I DO I WILL REMAIN A POP-EYED INSOMNIAC!
THINKING OF. ~~THINKING~~ OF SHARP ~~CORNER~~ ~~BOXED~~ THINGS - ~~COLD~~ DUST ~~CREEP~~ ~~CREEP~~
PING
PING
PING
CREEP
THIS IS MY LAST DAY AS A BUM. MY UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS RAN OUT AS OF TWO WEEKS AGO. BACK TO WORK TOMORROW
NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME. SEEMS LIKE I CAN WALK THESE STREETS ALL NIGHT WITHOUT ANY DANGER. I CANT REMEMBER A TIME IN MY PAST WANDERINGS WHEN I FELT FEAR. EVENING PAPER FLYING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE SOME POSSESSED BIRD. ITS SUCH A FASHION TO BE VOID ANNOYED/AND PARANOID.


VAMP DANCE
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ECLIPSE

DON McGREGOR MARSHALL ROGERS

Detectives Inc.

© 1980 Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers

Mystery Magazine says: "**Detectives, Inc.** is a hard-hitting story told in brutally realistic terms...

"Detectives, Inc. is a dramatic book: it is tense and powerful and draws one into its action...it is easy to be attracted to a Captain America or a Superman, because he is a dream, an ideal. It is less easy to become attracted to a human being, and this is one of the things that Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers do here: they assert (and) show) that two detectives, the divorced wife, two lovers separated by death from their common object of passion and others, can be just as exciting, as powerful, as dramatic an ensemble as the Avengers or the Justice League of America."

Peter Gillis
COMICS FEATURE

"This book has it all: nudity, homosexuality, bisexuality, abortion, poverty, race wars.. and murder. Yet it lacks one thing that typical overground comics revel in—and that's sensationalism."

WHIZZARD

"Like a raw, cutting wind of the golden age of the private eye, *Detectives, Inc.* is gritty, very human, good reading and an eyeful."

Chris Steinbrunner author of
The Films of Sherlock Holmes

"A solid private eye yarn with sparkling dialogue and two private dicks who care If Culp and Cosby had been eyes instead of spies this is what they would have been like."

Bob Randisi, author of
The Disappearance of Penny

"The writing and illustrations owe far more to the techniques of the motion picture than to comic books, with cross cutting and other film innovations used most effectively to tell the story of a murder with roots in a lesbian love affair."

Ellery Queen
Mystery Magazine

"*Detectives Inc.* is a tour de force for writer/creator Don McGregor and illustrator Marshall Rogers.

It is one of the new breed of mature underground productions that places people and relationships ahead of superheroism and bizarre, horrific plots

McGregor's Culp and Cosby type detective team of Ted Denning and Bob Rainier live in a Philip Marlowe existence on the seamy side of 1980 New York. Although the plot is fairly simple, their lives are refreshingly complex and the two stories are well blended with the help of Rogers' excellent black and white illustrations His use of light and shadow in the delineation of people and perfectly rendered New York locations mark this volume as his best work to date

With *Detectives Inc.*, a new team of talented storytellers is born — one that should be writing new pages in the history of the graphic novel for some time to come."

Howard Zimmerman
Editor/STARLOG Magazine

RAGAMUFFINS

Dedicated to Dean Mullaney, for giving me the chance to bring *Ragamuffins* to life, and for the times we were ragamuffins together.

Story One
KINDER-GARTEN RUN

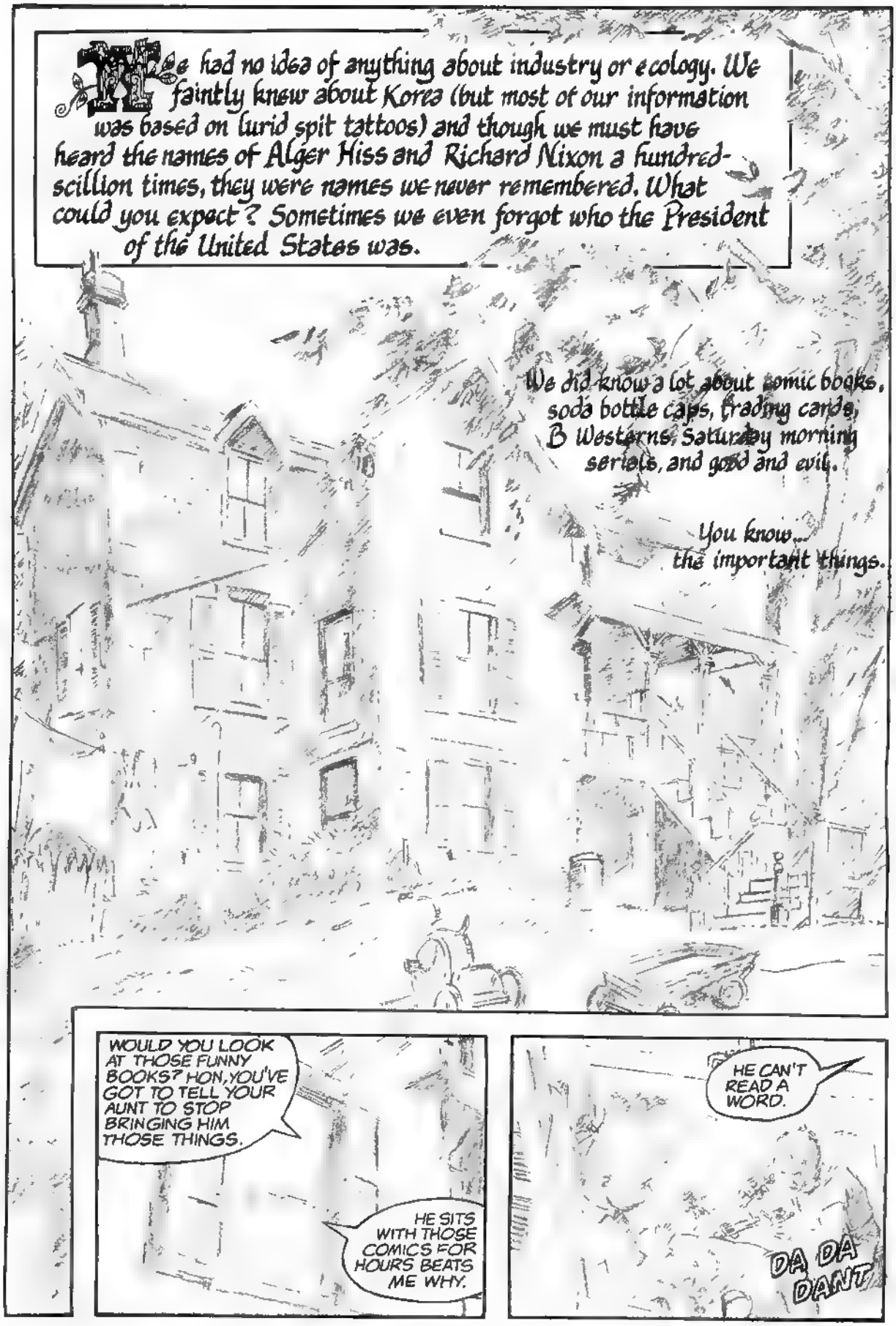
Author / Creator
Don McGregor
Illustrated by
Gene Colan
Lettered by P. Bernard Jr.

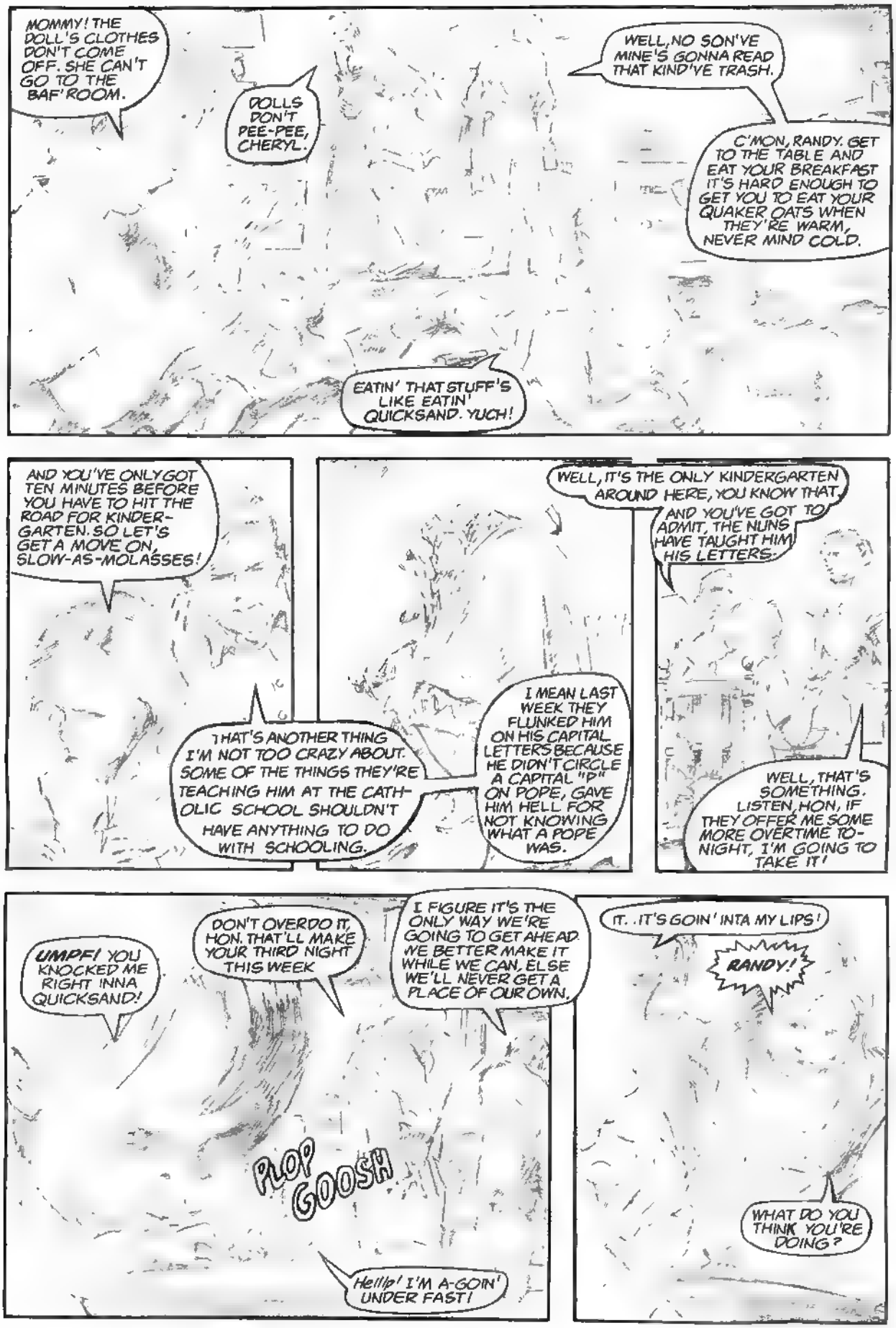
Once upon a time, in 1951, on the East Coast, folks called us ragamuffins.

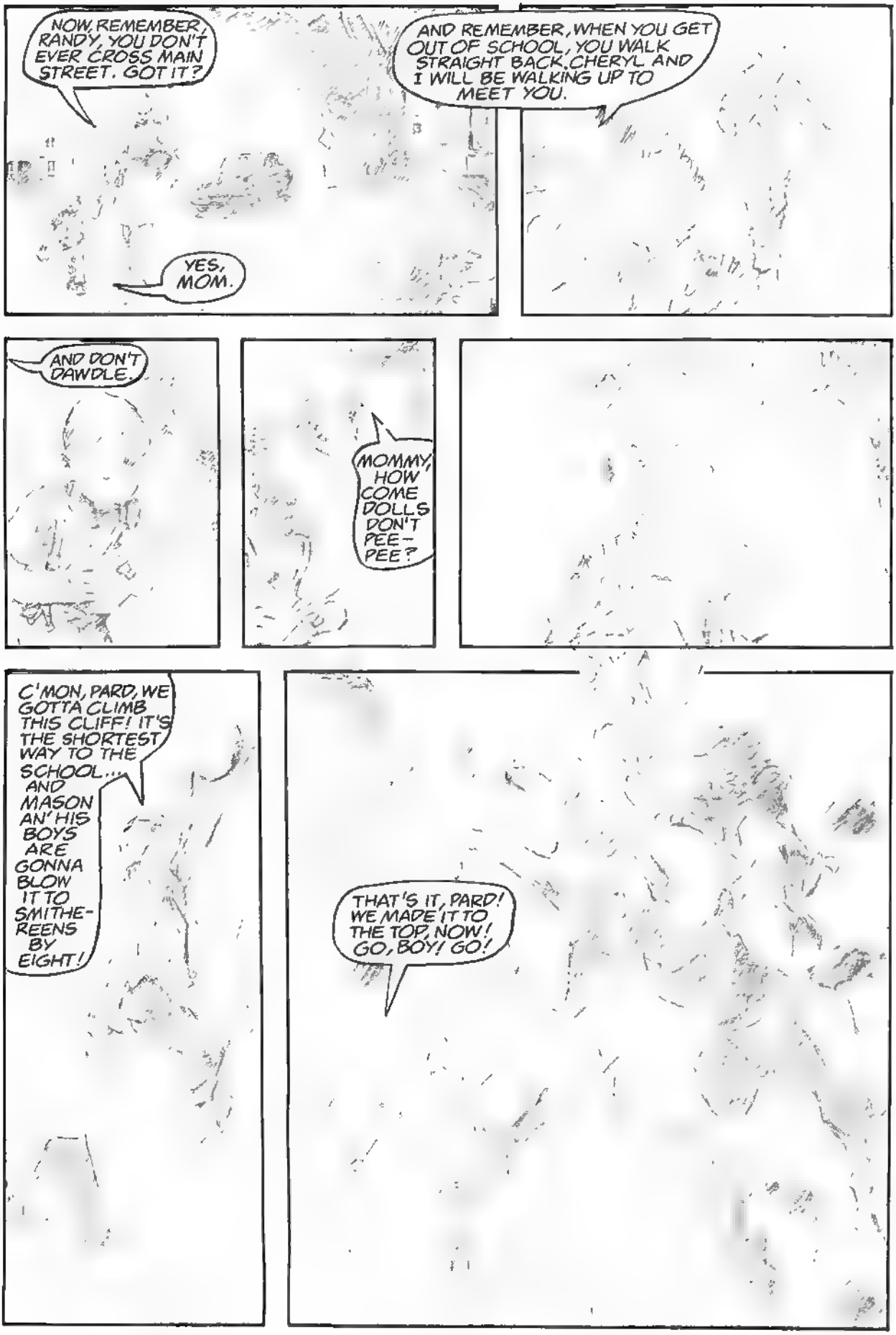
The name wasn't always used affectionately.

Back then, the strongest epithet we knew was "Ye Gods!" or "Darn it!" Unbelievably, we had never heard the really profane words like "Nigger" or "Spic," or "Wop," or "Kike," or even "Wasp" for that matter.

Our parents were trying to escape lower middle class American squalor while we luxuriated in the mysteries of dirt and performed archaeological expeditions through treasure-laden garbage heaps.


We had no idea of anything about industry or ecology. We faintly knew about Korea (but most of our information was based on lurid spit tattoos) and though we must have heard the names of Alger Hiss and Richard Nixon a hundred-scillion times, they were names we never remembered. What could you expect? Sometimes we even forgot who the President of the United States was.
We did know a lot about comic books, soda bottle caps, trading cards, B Westerns, Saturday morning serials, and good and evil.
You know... the important things.
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THOSE FUNNY BOOKS? HON, YOU'VE GOT TO TELL YOUR AUNT TO STOP BRINGING HIM THOSE THINGS.
HE SITS WITH THOSE COMICS FOR HOURS BEATS ME WHY.
HE CAN'T READ A WORD.
DA DA DAN!


MOMMY! THE DOLL'S CLOTHES DON'T COME OFF. SHE CAN'T GO TO THE BAF'ROOM.
DOLLS DON'T PEE-PEE, CHERYL.
WELL, NO SON'VE MINE'S GONNA READ THAT KIND'VE TRASH.
C'MON, RANDY. GET TO THE TABLE AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO GET YOU TO EAT YOUR QUAKER OATS WHEN THEY'RE WARM, NEVER MIND COLD.
EATIN' THAT STUFF'S LIKE EATIN' QUICKSAND. YUCH!
AND YOU'VE ONLY GOT TEN MINUTES BEFORE YOU HAVE TO HIT THE ROAD FOR KINDER-GARTEN. SO LET'S GET A MOVE ON, SLOW-AS-MOLASSES!
THAT'S ANOTHER THING I'M NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT. SOME OF THE THINGS THEY'RE TEACHING HIM AT THE CATH-OLIC SCHOOL SHOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH SCHOOLING.
I MEAN LAST WEEK THEY FLUNKED HIM ON HIS CAPITAL LETTERS BECAUSE HE DIDN'T CIRCLE A CAPITAL "P" ON POPE, GAVE HIM HELL FOR NOT KNOWING WHAT A POPE WAS.
WELL, IT'S THE ONLY KINDERGARTEN AROUND HERE, YOU KNOW THAT. AND YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT, THE NUNS HAVE TAUGHT HIM HIS LETTERS.
WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING. LISTEN, HON, IF THEY OFFER ME SOME MORE OVERTIME TO-NIGHT, I'M GOING TO TAKE IT!
UMPF! YOU KNOCKED ME RIGHT INNA QUICKSAND!
DON'T OVERDO IT, HON. THAT'LL MAKE YOUR THIRD NIGHT THIS WEEK
I FIGURE IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO GET AHEAD. WE BETTER MAKE IT WHILE WE CAN, ELSE WE'LL NEVER GET A PLACE OF OUR OWN.
PLOP
GOOSH
Hellp! I'M A-GOIN' UNDER FAST!
IT. . IT'S GOIN' INTA MY LIPS!
RANDY!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?


NOW, REMEMBER, RANDY, YOU DON'T EVER CROSS MAIN STREET. GOT IT?
YES, MOM.
AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU GET OUT OF SCHOOL, YOU WALK STRAIGHT BACK. CHERYL AND I WILL BE WALKING UP TO MEET YOU.
AND DON'T DAWDLE.
MOMMY, HOW COME DOLLS DON'T PEE-PEE?
C'MON, PARD, WE GOTTA CLIMB THIS CLIFF! IT'S THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE SCHOOL... AND MASON AN' HIS BOYS ARE GONNA BLOW IT TO SMITHEREENS BY EIGHT!
THAT'S IT, PARD! WE MADE IT TO THE TOP, NOW! GO, BOY! GO!

WE GOTTA JUMP IT, PARD!
IT'S DEATH IF WE DON'T!
DON'T LOOK DOWN, BOY! YOU CAN DO IT!
I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YA, PARD!
Phew!
THAT WAS CLOSE!

BOY! I WOULDN'T WANTA HAFTA TO DO THAT EVERY DAY!
C'MON, PARD! MASON'S GOT A BIG LEAD ON US. WE GOTTA CATCH UP OR ALL THOSE KIDS'RE DOOMED!
IT'S ON OUR SHOULDERS NOW!
HEY KID!
DON'T YOU KNOW ONLY CRAZY PEOPLE TALK TO THEMSELVES?!
WAIT UP, PARD! WE BETTER CHECK THIS OUT FIRST.
GEEZ, BUDDY! YOU MUST GOTTA JILLION COMICS!
NAW! MORE'N THAT.

BUT YOU BETTER MOVE ON, YOU LITTLE RAGMUFFIN, OR THOSE NUNS'LL RAP YOUR LITTLE FANNY!

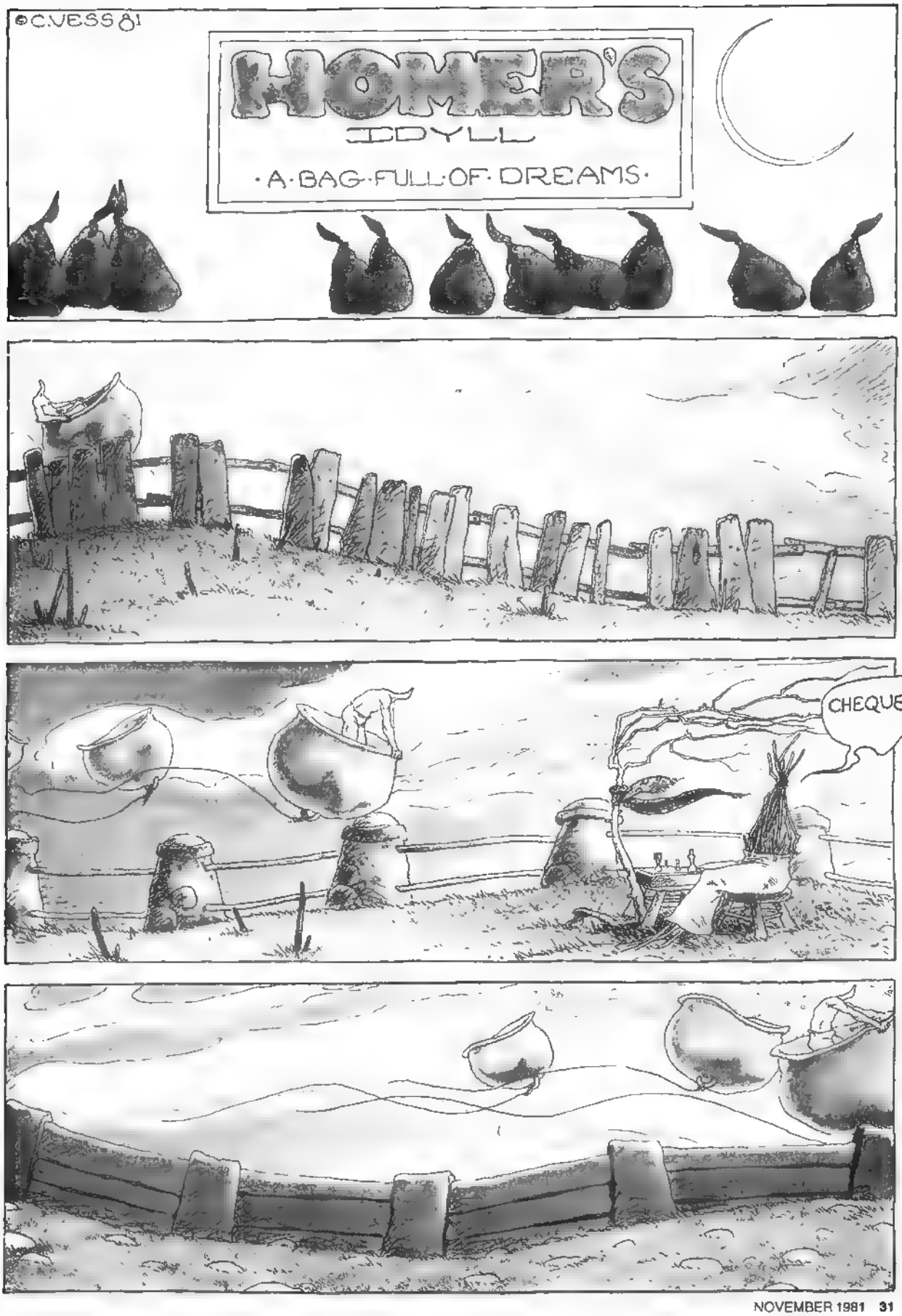
SIDES, RANDY, EVERYBODY KNOWS--
--YOU CAN'T READ.

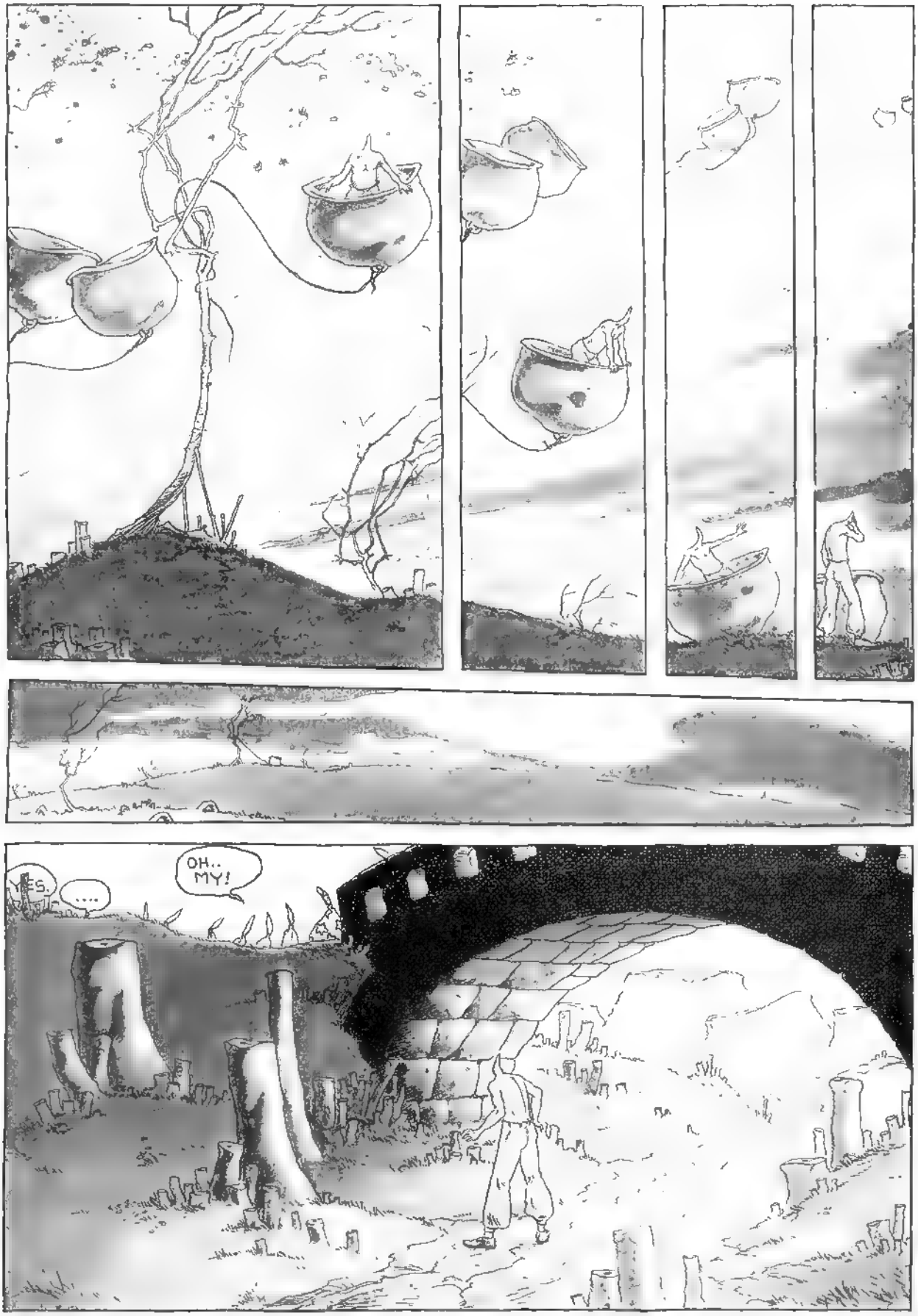
WAIT, PARD! WHAT'S THAT RUSTLIN' IN THERE?! MUST BE A VARMINT! A LOW-DOWN POLE-CAT!

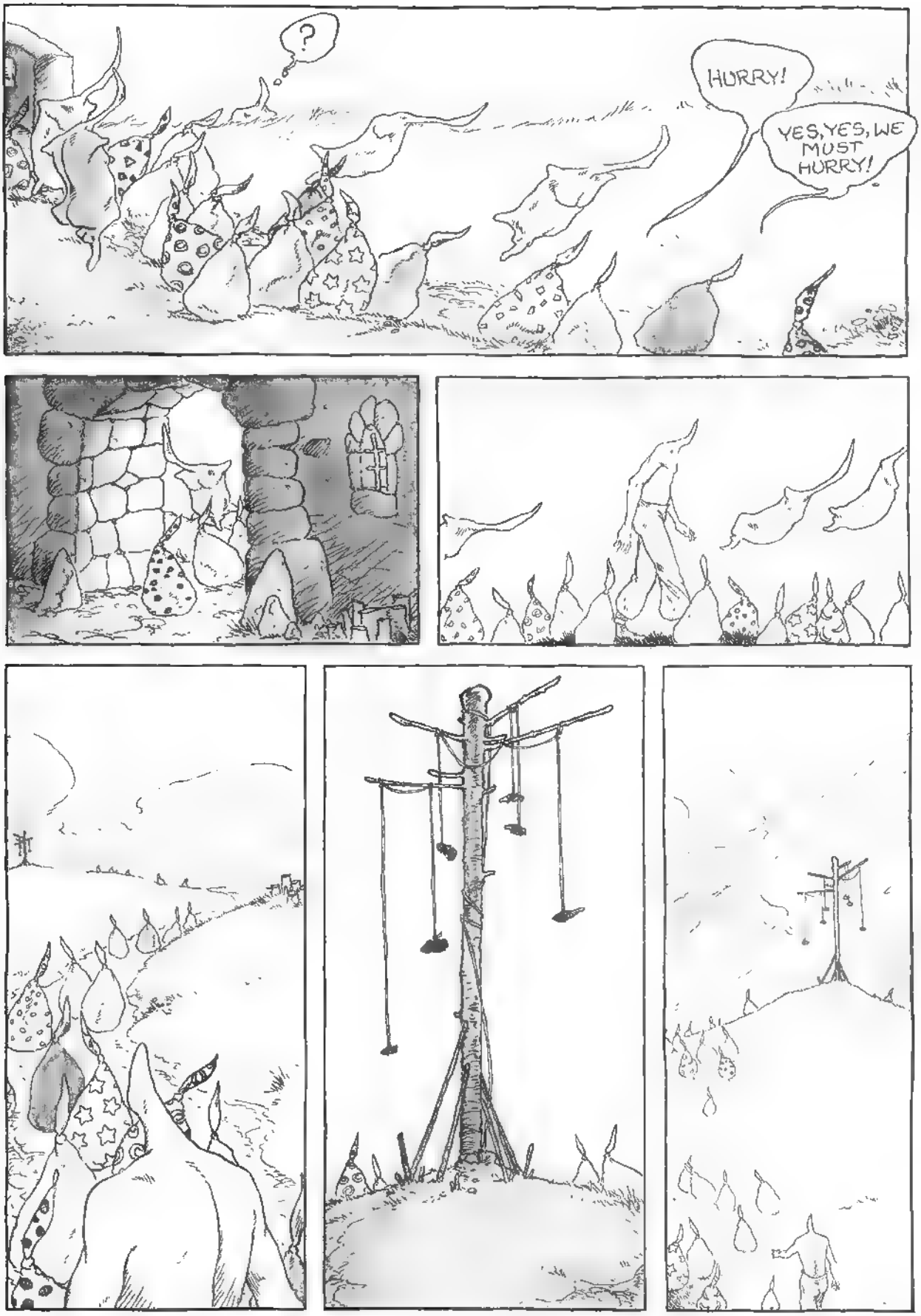
SO, IT'S YOU AGAIN, MASON!
BUT WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE, IS WHY YOU BEEN MESSIN' AROUND HERE!
WAIT!
SO THIS EXPLAINS IT!
THE LOST HILLS TREASURE!
BUT WE BETTER PUT ON SOME SPEED, PARD--
--OR THAT SCHOOL'S GONNA BLOW FOR SURE!

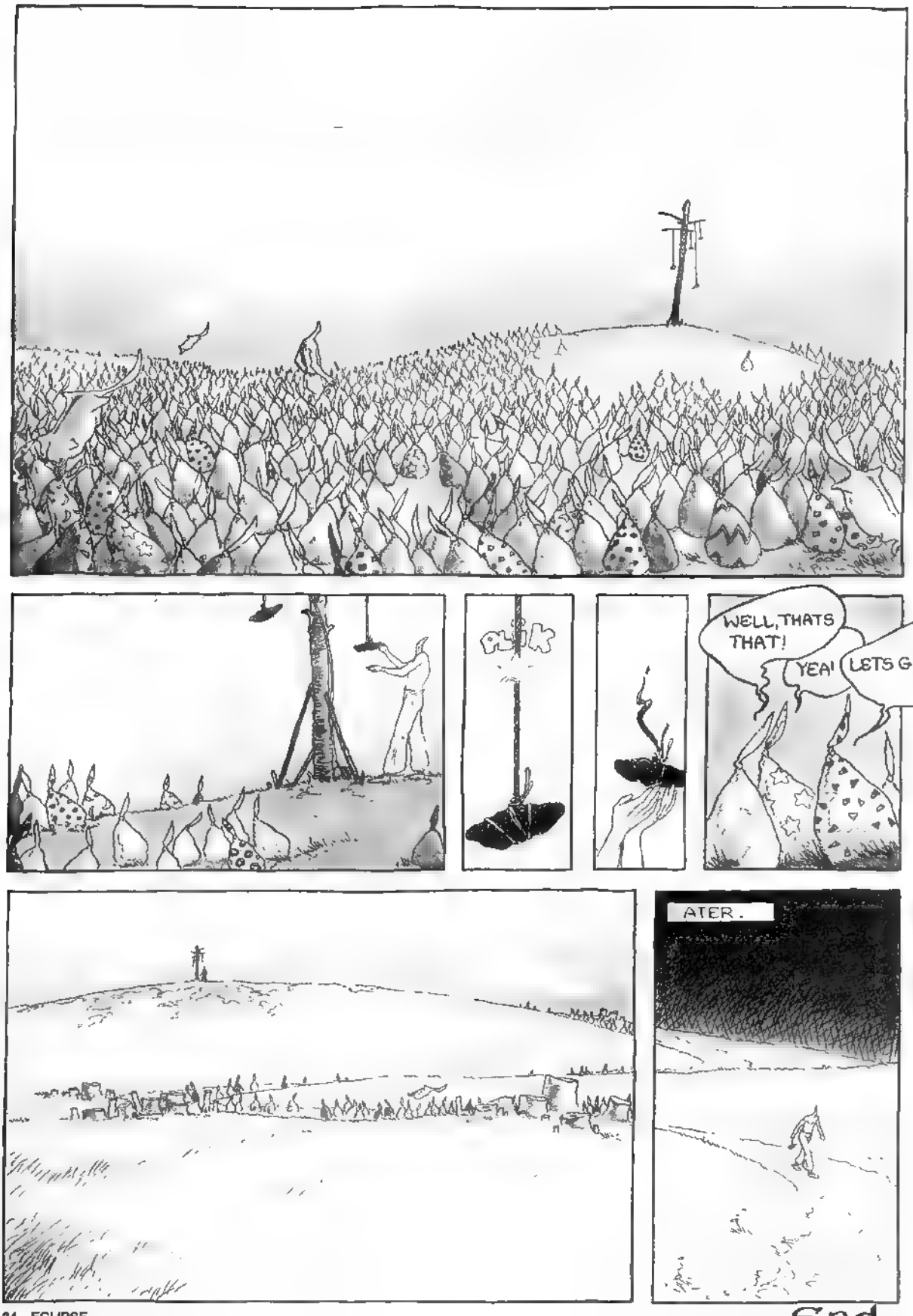
1968
MICKEY, DO YOU EVER GET THIS STINK OUT'VE YOUR NOSTRILS?
SEEMS LIKE I BREATHE IT DAY AND NIGHT, WHETHER I'M HERE OR NOT.
THAT'S 'CAUSE YOU ALWAYS GOT YOUR NOSE IN A BOOK, RANDY... KEEPS ALL THE GUNK IN YOUR SINUSES.
WELL, PARD...
...we made it.
IF YOU WENT OUT CHASIN' BROADS, IT'D BLOW THE STINK OUTTA YA.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'M MARRIED, MICKEY.
SO? WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

THE FACTORY IS NOT A LIBRARY! KEEP THIS JUNK AT HOME!
THEY DIDN'T HAVE A RIGHT TO DO THAT!
IT'S NOT RIGHT!
I ONLY READ 'EM AT LUNCH! YOU HAD NO RIGHT!
WE'RE GOING TO MUSH UP YOUR MOUTH, KID! TEACH YOU TO TALK POLITE.
YOU CAN NAIL SHUT ALL THE BOOKS IN THE WORLD--
--BUT YOU CAN'T CLOSE THEIR PAGES--
--YOU CAN'T DESTROY THE IDEAS ON THOSE PAGES OR THE TRUTH OR LIES THEY HAVE TO TELL--
WHAT IS IT YOU HATE ABOUT BOOKS? THE HOPE THEY GIVE? THE HOPE THAT LEAVES BEHIND THE ONLY WORLD THE TWO OF YOU WILL EVER KNOW?
YOU'RE WEIRD, RANDY. REALLY WEIRD.
YEAH. CRYIN' ABOUT BOOKS, WHEN ALL YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT IS PICTURES IN A FUNNY BOOK!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS, ALBERT--
--WHEN YOU TEACH 'EM HOW TO--
--READ.
end


©C.VESS 81
HOMER'S
IDYLL
·A·BAG·FULL·OF·DREAMS·
CHEQUE!


OH..
MY!
YES.
....


?
HURRY!
YES, YES, WE MUST HURRY!



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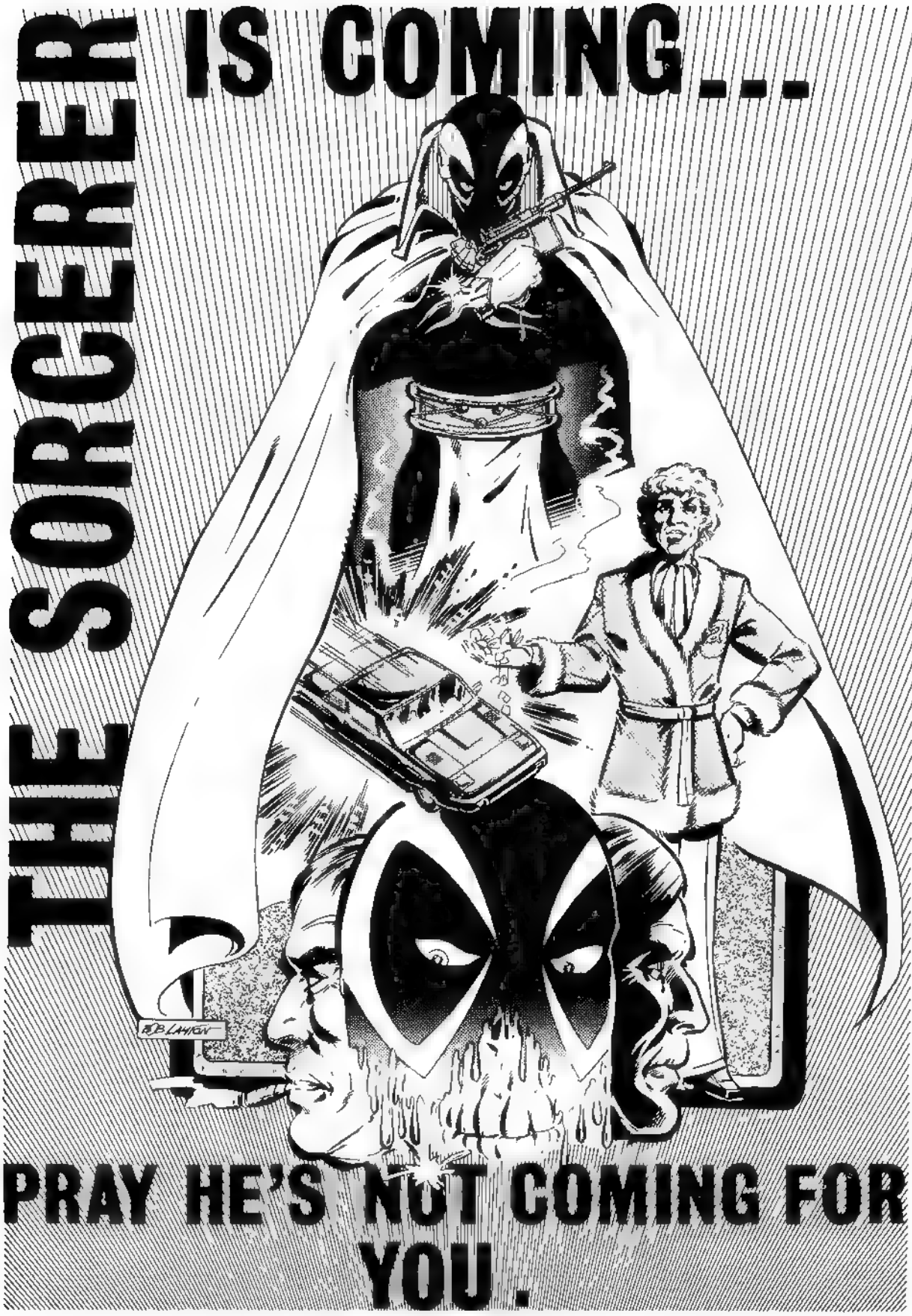
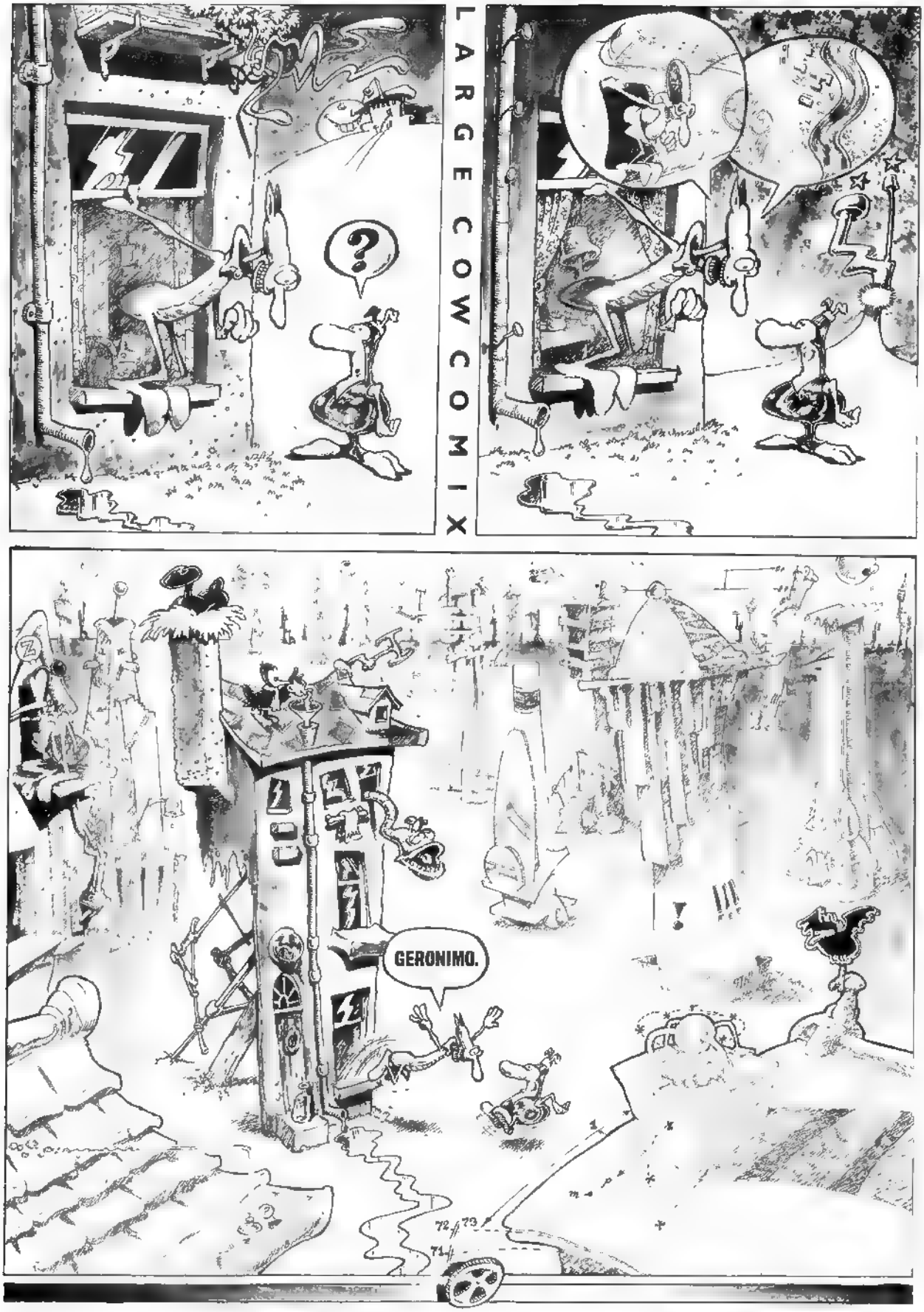
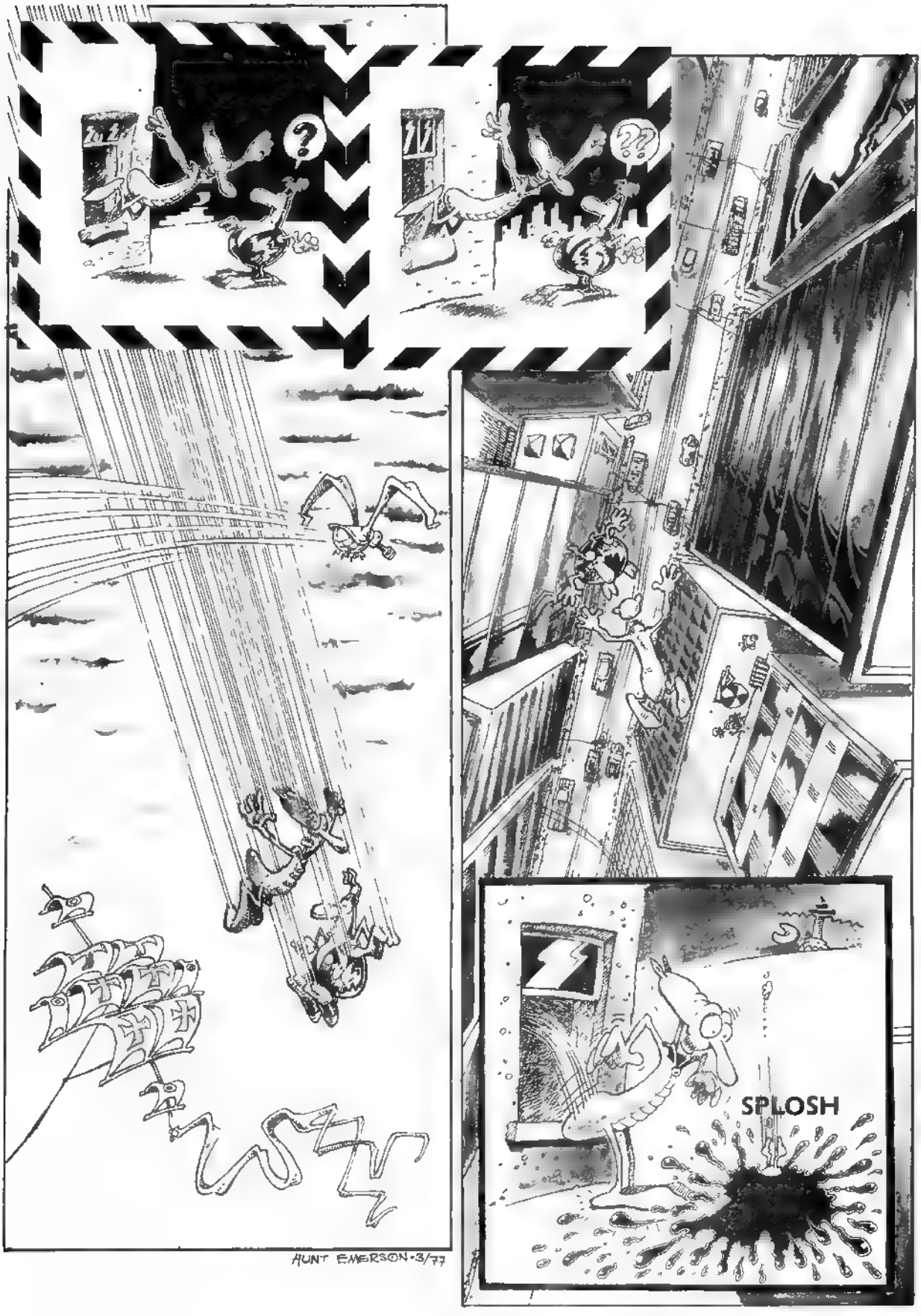

THE SORCERER IS COMING...
PRAY HE'S NOT COMING FOR YOU.


LARGE COW COMIX
?
GERONIMO.
!!!
72
73
71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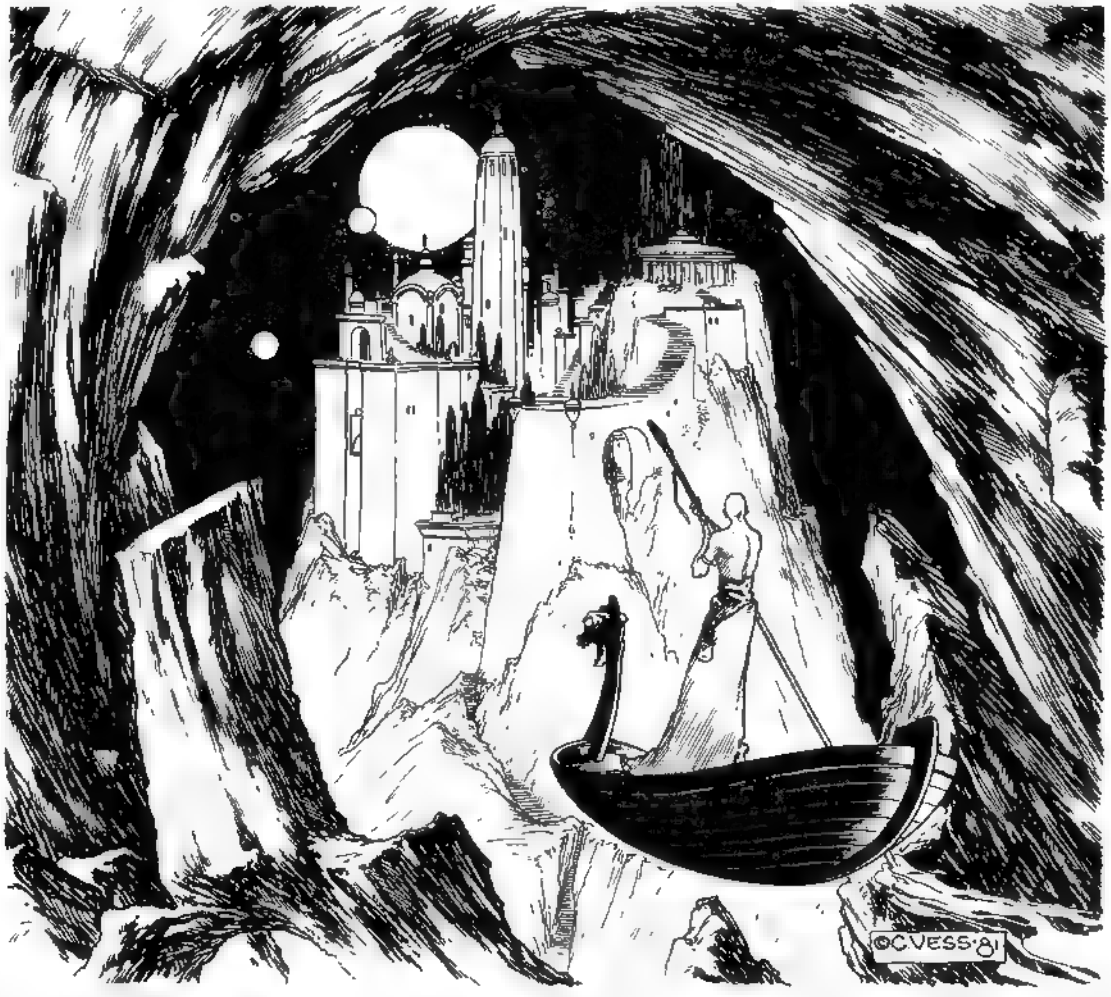


FREE T-SHIRT WITH A $20 PURCHASE AND THIS AD

SAX ROHMER'S
DOPE
ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED by
TRINA ROBBINS
SO I WENT TO GET A CAB AND WHEN I RETURNED THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. PERHAPS THEY WERE HIDING WITHIN. PERHAPS THIS CHARLATAN, KAZMAH, WAS AN ACCOMPLICE IN THE PAY OF SIR LUCIEN. PERHAPS THIS WAS A SECRET PLACE OF RENDEZVOUS
CHAPTER TWO
The Fatal Cigarette
NEVERTHELESS, WHAT LUCK RUNNING INTO YOU, NEWLY RETURNED FROM THE EAST, SETON PASHA!
STICK TO PLAIN SETON, OLD FELLOW! OTTOMAN TITLES ARE NOT FASHIONABLE. IT SEEMS A PITY TO WASTE THAT BOX. SUPPOSE WE LOOK IN AT THE GAIETY FOR AN HOUR?
SETON, LOOK! THERE IS RITA'S HUSBAND, MONTE IRVIN, AT KAZMAH'S DOOR-- AND HE HAS A POLICEMAN WITH HIM! GOOD GOD, SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO RITA!
SETON, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T DETAIN ME! IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO RITA I'LL KILL THAT DAMNED CUR PYNE!
PULL UP, GRAY. WHAT ARE YOUR RELATIONS WITH MONTE IRVING? DOES HE APPROVE OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH HIS WIFE, OR IS IT A CLANDESTINE AFFAIR?
CLANDESTINE? CERTAINLY NOT. I WAS ON MY WAY TO CALL AT THE HOUSE WHEN I MET HER WITH PYNE THIS EVENING.
THAT IS WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW. VERY WELL, LET US GO

EXCUSE ME, SERGEANT, BUT IF THE MATTER CONCERNS Mrs MONTE IRVIN, I CAN PROBABLY SUPPLY INFORMATION. KINDLY INFORM Mr. MONTE IRVIN THAT QUENTIN GRAY WISHES TO SPEAK TO HIM
VERY GOOD, SIR STEP THIS WAY, PLEASE
FOLLOWED BY SETON AND GRAY, THE SERGEANT LED THE WAY UP TO KAZMAH'S APARTMENTS
PYNE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, SETON? IT'S PYNE! LOOK! HE HAS BEEN STABBED!
STABBED WITH SOME LONG, NARROW-BLADED WEAPON SUCH AS A STILETTO. I HAVE SEEN AN ALMOST IDENTICAL WOUND IN THE CASE OF AN ITALIAN WOMAN STABBED BY A JEALOUS RIVAL.
I AM CHIEF INSPECTOR KERRY OF SCOTLAND YARD. AND YOU, SIR?
THAT YOU, GRAY? THANKS FOR OFFERING YOUR HELP GOD KNOWS I NEED ALL I CAN GET. YOU WERE WITH RITA TONIGHT. WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS SHE?
HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE SHE IS! I LEFT HER WITH PYNE SHORTLY AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK.

FOLLOWING THEIR INTERROGATION BY CHIEF INSPECTOR KERRY, SETON AND GRAY WALKED AROUND TO THE LATTER'S CHAMBERS IN PICADILLY
SETON, THIS BUSINESS IS DRIVING ME MAD. DAMN IT ALL! I HAVEN'T GOT A CIGARETTE IN THE PLACE!
I DON'T SMOKE THEM MYSELF BUT I CAN OFFER YOU A CHEROOT.
THANKS THEY ARE A TRIFLE TOO STRONG
HULLO! HERE ARE SOME. POOR OLD PYNE LEFT THESE HERE ONLY THE OTHER DAY I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GOT THEM, BUT THEY ARE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL. I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL ...
HE HAD SCARCELY LIGHTED ONE WHEN THE PHONE RANG.
PERHAPS THERE'S NEWS OF RITA!
YES, YES, SPEAKING OH, IT'S YOU, MARGARET CERTAINLY DELIGHTED COME RIGHT ALONG
IT'S MY COUSIN, MARGARET HALLEY YOU'LL LIKE HER SHE'S A TIP-TOP GIRL, BUT ECCENTRIC. GOES IN FOR PILLING.
PILLING?
DOCTORING, AND ONLY ABOUT TWENTY FOUR OR SO. FEARFULLY CLEVER KID, MAKES ME FEEL LIKE AN INFANT
FLAT HEELS, SPECTACLES, AND A JUDICIAL MANNER?
FLAT HEELS, YES BUT NOT THE OTHER SHE'S AWFULLY PRETTY, AND USED TO LOOK SIMPLY TERRIFIC IN KHAKI, AT A HOSPITAL IN SERBIA DURING THE WAR SHE'S STARTED IN PRACTICE FOR HERSELF NOW, ROUND IN DOVER STREET I WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS
SILENCE PREVAILED UNTIL THE RINGING OF THE DOORBELL ANNOUNCED THE ARRIVAL OF THE GIRL.
I AM SO GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU AT LAST, MR SETON. FROM QUENTIN'S MANY ACCOUNTS, I HAD FORMED THE OPINION THAT YOU WERE A KIND OF ARABIAN NIGHTS MYTH.
I AM GLAD TO DISAPPOINT YOU.
WHATEVER HAVE YOU BEEN BURNING HERE? THERE IS SUCH A CURIOUS SMELL IN THE ROOM
SO MUCH FOR YOUR TASTE IN CIGARS SETON.
OH, I'M SURE IT'S NOT MR SETON'S CIGAR. IT ISN'T A SMELL OF TOBACCO.

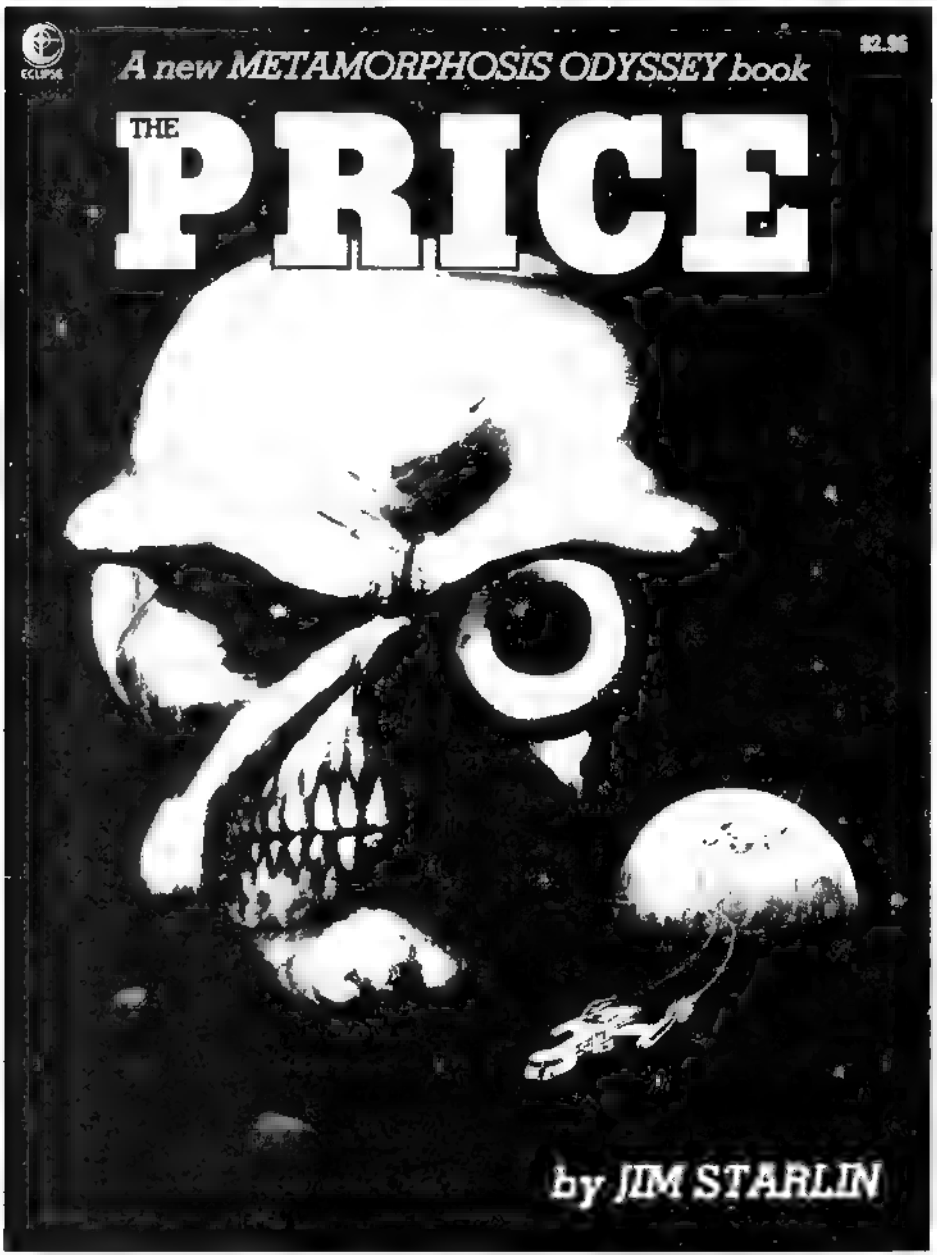
TRY ONE OF THESE, MARGARET THEY ARE GREAT, AND WILL QUITE DROWN OUT THE UNPLEASANT ODOR OF WHICH YOU COMPLAIN.
WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?
Er-- FROM PYNE, I MUST TELL YOU, MARGARET--
SIR LUCIEN PYNE? NOT FROM RITA IRVIN?
NO! BUT WHY DO YOU MENTION HER? I MEAN TO SAY, MARGARET, IF YOU'VE ANYTHING TO TELL ME ABOUT RITA.. HAVE YOU? HAVE YOU?
I HAVE- YES.
PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, MARGARET...
I HAVE HEARD WHAT HAS HAPPENED TONIGHT-- TO SIR LUCIEN
FIRSTLY, THEN, PLEASE THROW THAT CIGARETTE IN THE FIRE, QUENTIN
RIGHT-O! YOU USED TO SMOKE LIKE A FURNACE, MARGARET. IS THIS SOME NEW 'CULT'?
I STILL SMOKE A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN IS GOOD FOR ME
..BUT I DON'T SMOKE OPIUM.
GOOD HEAVENS!
GRAY, THESE THINGS ARE DOPED!

© '81 TRINA ROBBINS

A SUIVRE...

ECLIPSE

PROUDLY PRESENTS...



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IN OUR LAST EPISODE: Writer *Aileen Waite's* teleplay for the series ' Star Chasers" fell victim to network censor *Betty Bibney-Botkin*. Every dramatic conflict was excised. Every emotion was eliminated. Every *character* was replaced with a *role model*. Despite producer *David Chockman's* admonitions, Aileen vowed to unearth the "monumental perversity" she sensed lurking beneath Betty's bland exterior Her search led her to the Bibney-Botkin residence, where she was clubbed over the head by Betty's husband *Bernard Bibney-Botkin* And now, *Role Model, Part Two . . .*
Helping Others
HOURS LATER, AILEEN AWAKENS... ON THE SLIME-COVERED FLOOR OF THE BIBNEY-BOTKIN LIVING ROOM.
HER BROW KNITS, AND SHE CAN FEEL THE PULL OF THE NEWLY-FORMED SCAB ON HER SCALP.
HER HEAD THROBS. AN UNEARTHLY STENCH FILLS HER NOSTRILS .. AND MINGLES WITH THE HIDEOUSLY INCONGRUOUS AROMA OF FRIED CHICKEN.
written by Steve Gerber illustrated by Val Mayerik
lettered by Pierre Bernard Jr

WE WEREN'T SURE YOU'D WAKE UP IN TIME, AILEEN-- SO WE STARTED DINNER WITHOUT YOU.
BETTY SAYS YOU'RE A WRITER. I USED TO BE. I GAVE IT UP.
BERNARD CREATED A SITCOM CALLED "MOTHER'S MILK"--ABOUT A DAIRY. IT RAN FOR THREE SEASONS.
HIS NEXT PROJECT WAS CALLED "WHITE MAGIC" --ABOUT A FAMILY OF NEGRO SORCERERS.
PROGRAM PRACTICES KILLED IT THEY SAID IT WAS TOO INTENSE...
...AND AN INACCURATE PORTRAYAL OF AN ETHNIC GROUP.
OUR DEPARTMENT HAS HAD TO BECOME SENSITIZED TO THE NEEDS OF THE BLACK COMMUNITY, BERNARD.
WE DID NOT WISH TO CONVEY THE IMPRESSION THAT BLACKS WERE A RACE OF SNAKE-WORSHIPERS.
MOREOVER, WE STRICTLY PROHIBIT ANY IMTIMATION THAT THE OCCULT MIGHT BE REAL.
WOULD YOU CARE FOR DINNER, AILEEN?
MY MY CLOTHES, WHERE?...

BERNARD HID THEM SOMEWHERE--SO YOU WOULDN'T BE TEMPTED TO LEAVE.
AFTER ALL, WE HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU, AILEEN. YOU BROKE INTO OUR HOUSE.
K-KEEP.. YOUR DRUMSTICK... TO YOURSELF, BITCH...!
SPOKEN WELL, AILEEN. NEVER LET THEM STEAL YOUR DIGNITY OR YOUR SPIRIT.
I FOUGHT AND FOUGHT WITH THEM OVER "WHITE MAGIC".
YOU FOUGHT AND FOUGHT WITH ME, BERNARD.
THAT'S HOW WE MET, AILEEN
I WAS BERNARD'S CENSOR, TOO
HE SAID HE WOULD PROVE OUR GUILDELINES WERE WRONG.
I INVITED HER HOME TO SEE MY RESEARCH.
IT WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE BERNARD WAS ASEXUAL, SO I ACCEPTED.
NO ONE IS REALLY ASEXUAL. I MERELY EXPRESSED IT IN OTHER WAYS.
I ONLY MEANT, I FELT SECURE YOU WOULDN'T RAPE ME.
=sigh= SHE THINKS EVERYBODY WANTS TO RAPE EVERYBODY
HA, HA. SHE EVEN THOUGHT I WANT TO RAPE YOU. SHE EVEN GOT JEALOUS FOR A MINUTE.
THAT'S ENOUGH, BERNARD.
=OOOOH=

YOU CAN STILL BE FORCEFUL WHEN YOU WANT TO BERNARD. I THINK YOU GAVE HER A CONCUSSION.
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR MARRYING A WRITER.
EX-WRITER.
NO, BERNARD. INWARDLY, YOU'RE STILL QUITE HOSTILE TO PRO-SOCIAL VALUES.
YOU STILL HARBOR THE RACISM, SEXISM, SADISM, AND ANARCHISM THAT WRITERS GLORIFY AS "CREATIVITY"
BEATS THE POOP OUT OF MACRAME.
MACRAMÉ ENRICHES LIFE, BERNARD. IT CAN BE AS VALID A CREATIVE EXPRESSION AS WRITING...
...WHICH TOO OFTEN ENCOURAGES DESTRUCTIVE IMPULSES IN BOTH THE PRODUCER AND CONSUMER.
LET'S NOT ARGUE TONIGHT. WE BOTH HAVE WHAT WE WANT.
DRESS AILEEN UP AND BRING HER TO THE BEDROOM.
BERNARD NODS, SURRENDERING TO HIS OWN PASSION.
I HAVE NO WISH TO HURT YOU AILEEN... I ONLY WANT TO LOOK AT YOU.
BETTY WILL SHOW HERSELF ONLY TO HER LOVER.
WHAT...?

MY RESEARCH FOR "WHITE MAGIC" LED ME TO SOME OLD TEXTS --AMONG THEM, THE "BOOK OF DOPHU"--
--WITH IT'S UNIQUE CREATION MYTH OF A WORLD BORN OF THE WASTE MATTER OF A PRIOR UNIVERSE.
I DON'T... WHAT ARE YOU... SAYING...?

THE AGENT OF THE CREATION--CALLED DOPHU-AGAG--WAS ITSELF COMPOSED OF SAID WASTE
DOPHU-AGAG TOOK A MORTAL WOMAN AS ITS MATE, IN A RITUAL CALLED "THE SOFTENING!"

THE TEXT GAVE EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS FOR SUMMONING DOPHU-AGAG--AND DESCRIBED AT LENGTH THE PLEASURES OF "THE SOFTENING".
PUT THESE ON, PLEASE.
I READ THOSE PASSAGES TO BETTY. SHE SAID SHE FOUND THEM --"ENGAGING".

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I WON'T PEEK. GO AHEAD.
WHAT BETTY FOUND MOST "ENGAGING" WAS THE DESCRIPTION OF THE RITUAL AS "COUPLING WITHOUT HORNS".
IT WAS, SHE SAID THE FIRST TIME SHE HAD HEARD SEX DESCRIBED IN NON-HOSTILE, NON-AGGRESSIVE TERMS.

AND...?
SHE INSISTED WE TRY IT... AND I AGREED, HOPING THAT "WHITE MAGIC" MIGHT BE RECONSIDERED IN RETURN.
AND YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED, I WAS SUCCESSFUL IN SUMMONING DOPHU-AGAG.

THE RESULT WILL BE SELF-EVIDENT... WHEN YOU'VE SEEN THE BEDROOM.

=sigh= THAT IS DOPHU-AGAG--THE LOVING WASTE"--MAN'S REDEEMER FROM THE VIOLENCE HE PERPETRATES UPON HIMSELF
DOPHU-AGAG IS WARM--SOFT--GIVING--AND HAS NO EXTERNAL ORGANS EXCEPT ITS HALF-BLIND EYE.
MOMENTS LATER, IN THAT FOCAL, JEKNARD AND AILEEN JOIN THE RITUAL, ALREADY IN PROGESS.
IT SHARES ITSELF COMPLETELY WITH BETTY.

"THE FIRST TIME I WITNESSED THAT HIDEOUS, SELF-RIGHTEOUS WOMAN IN THE EMBRACE OF THAT AMBULATORY COMPOST HEAP... I HAD A PECULIAR REACTION.

"AS HER SKELETEL SUPPORT DISSOLVED AWAY, ALL 66 EPISODES OF 'MOTHER'S MILK' FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES--AND THEY ALL RESEMBLED THE RITUAL.
"THE PHRASE 'INVERTEBRATE ENTERTAINMENT' SPRANG TO MIND

"THAT EVENING, I GAVE UP MY CAREER--AND PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO BETTY. WHY NOT? I HAD MARRIED HER AESTHETIC YEARS BEFORE..."

...AND THE PLEASURE I PROVIDED HER WAS REAL WHEREAS MY WRITING WAS PERMITTED ONLY TO DISTRACT ITS AUDIENCE.
I GAVE UP THE FIGHT AND BECAME A BIBNEY-BOTKIN
WH-WHY... DID YOU... LET ME SEE...?
YOU REMIND ME OF THE YOUNG BERNARD BOTKIN, AILEEN--OF ME AT YOUR AGE
FOR VASTLY DIFFERENT REASONS, BETTY AND I BOTH FIND THAT APPALLING. I WISH TO SPARE YOU A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.
WHY STRUGGLE TO MAINTAIN THE INTEGRITY OF A SCRIPT WHICH HAS NOTHING TO SAY? WHY ENGAGE IN SELF-DECEPTION?
IF WE HAD SOMETHING TO SAY, WE WOULD NOT BE WRITING FOR TELEVISION...FOR BETTY'S INANE GUILDELINES.
BETTER TO CONFRONT THE TRUTH NOW, ABANDON THE FIGHT BEFORE YOU END UP LIKE ME...
...INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO BE AWARE OF YOUR EMPTINESS...
...BUT TOO LIMITED TO SURMOUNT IT. YIELD TO "THE SOFTENING", AILEEN. BE A BIBNEY-BOTKIN AT HEART.
AAAAAAGH!
AILEEN'S BONES RETURNED THE NEXT MORNING. SHE GAVE UP HER CAREER AND BECAME A WAITRESS.
RALPH'S DINER
'MORNING, DAVID.
'MORNING, AILEEN
SHE FELT VERY POSITIVE ABOUT HERSELF AND ABOUT BERNARD AND BETTY, HER ROLE MODELS.
THE END

BECAUSE

STORY BY GEORGE PRATT III

Mr. TREE

"I, FOR AN EYE"

by Max Collins & Terry Beatty

Chapter Three

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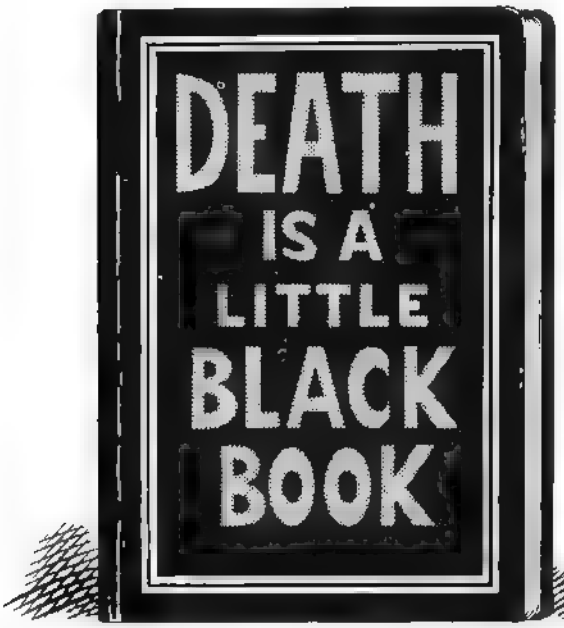
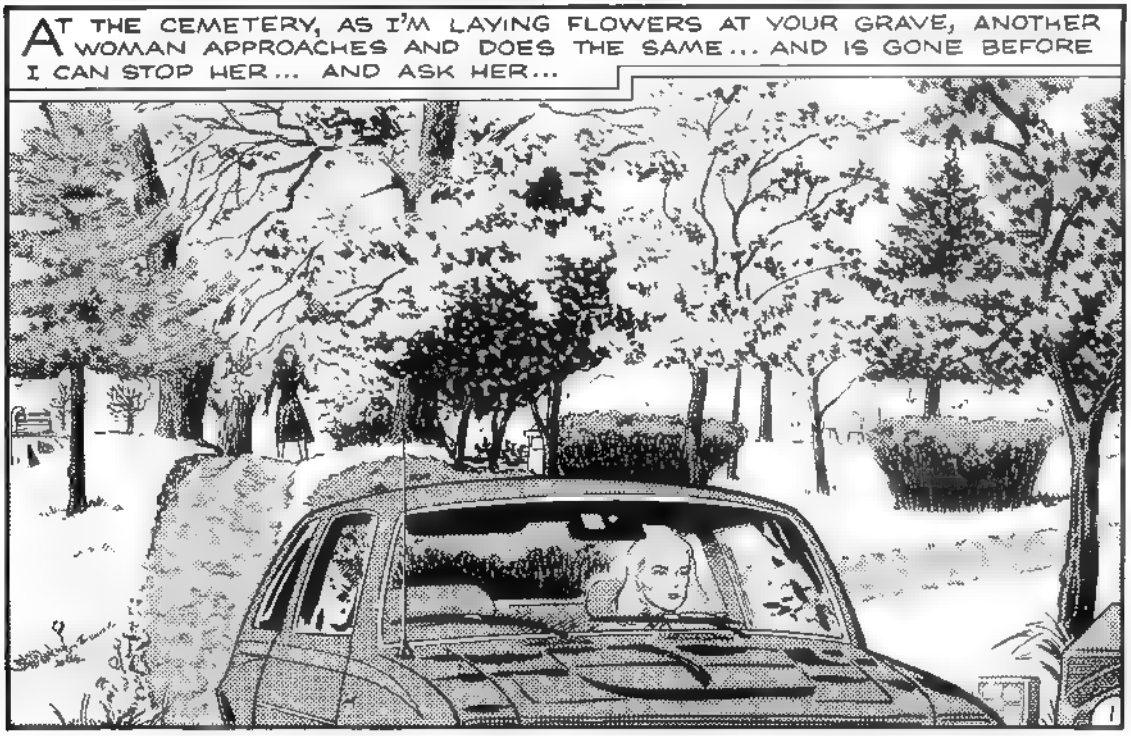
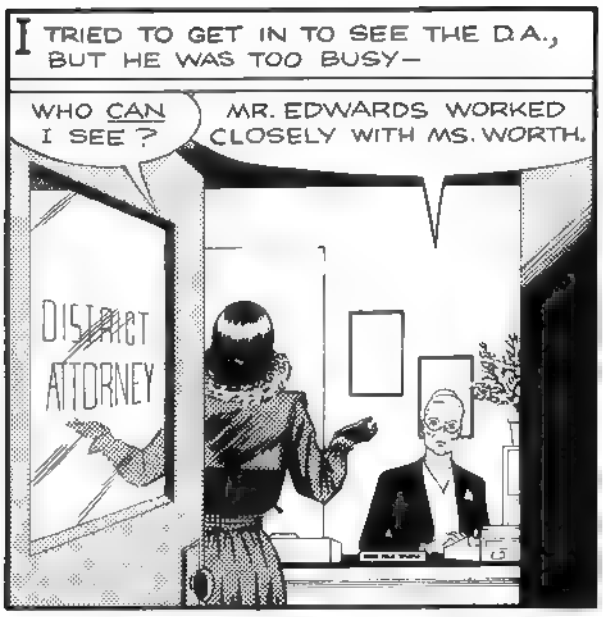
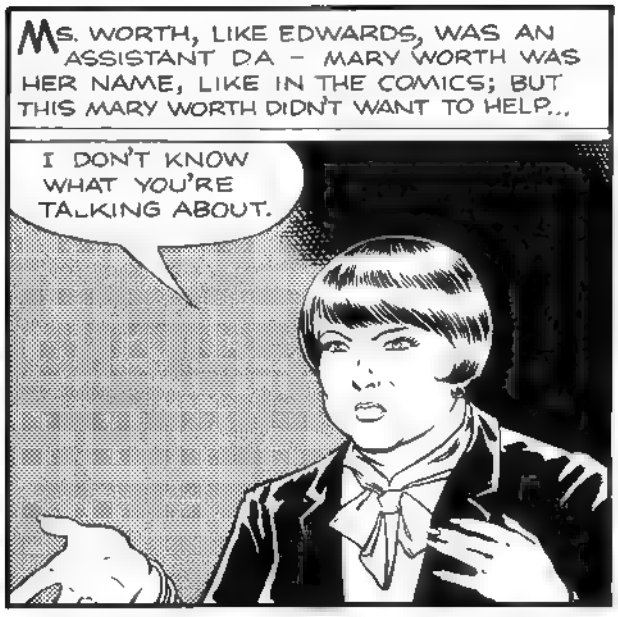



AT THE CEMETERY, AS I'M LAYING FLOWERS AT YOUR GRAVE, ANOTHER WOMAN APPROACHES AND DOES THE SAME... AND IS GONE BEFORE I CAN STOP HER... AND ASK HER...

ASK HER WHY SHE MOURNS MY HUSBAND'S DEATH? MY HUSBAND OF A DAY, SHOT DOWN IN THE NIGHT...
MICHAEL TREE
BELOVED HUSBAND
1947 - 1981
AND WHAT OF EDWARDS, MIKE? THE ASSISTANT D.A. YOU WERE WORKING ON A CASE FOR - A CASE YOU HADN'T SHARED WITH ME - YOUR PARTNER; YOUR BRIDE...
EVEN YOUR EX-PARTNER FROM YOUR DAYS ON THE FORCE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT EDWARDS. YOUR FRIEND, CHICK STEELE -
I'VE CHECKED WITH THE DA, MICHAEL - ANY INVESTIGATION INITIATED BY EDWARDS WAS STRICTLY UNOFFICIAL...
SOMETHING IN EDWARDS' PERSONAL LIFE, PERHAPS. MAYBE YOU'LL WANT TO FOLLOW THAT UP ON YOUR OWN.
WHAT ABOUT THE MAN I KILLED? THE ONE WHO KILLED EDWARDS?
AS I SUSPECTED, AN OUT-OF-TOWN HITTER... BOB RANDISI. FREELANCER WITH SYNDICATE TIES.
HOW ABOUT YOUR OWN INVESTIGATION OF MIKE'S MURDER?
NOTHING, YET. THERE'S A LONG LIST OF ENEMIES FROM HIS P.D. DAYS.
I'LL STAY IN TOUCH, CHICK - THANKS.
DO THAT - YOU GOT A COUPLE INQUESTS TO ATTEND, YOU KNOW -
2

I TALKED WITH MRS. EDWARDS –
NO, I CAN'T THINK OF ANY REASON CARL MIGHT'VE HIRED A PRIVATE DETECTIVE...
HE WAS A LITTLE UNHAPPY AT WORK, I KNOW – BUT AS FAR AS HIS HOME LIFE WAS CONCERNED, HE – WE – WERE VERY HAPPY. NO... NO PROBLEMS AT ALL –
I KNEW HOW SHE FELT. SHE'D LOST A HUSBAND.
YOU... KILLED THE MAN WHO SHOT CARL, DIDN'T YOU?
YES – BUT THE PERSON OR PERSONS WHO HIRED THAT MAN ARE STILL AT LARGE.
BUT I'LL FIND WHOEVER IT WAS – I PROMISE YOU THAT.
WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO? WILL IT BRING CARL BACK? OR YOUR HUSBAND? DOES IT FIX ANYTHING?
IT'S A START.
3


I TRIED TO GET IN TO SEE THE D.A., BUT HE WAS TOO BUSY—
WHO CAN I SEE?
MR. EDWARDS WORKED CLOSELY WITH MS. WORTH.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY


MS. WORTH, LIKE EDWARDS, WAS AN ASSISTANT DA – MARY WORTH WAS HER NAME, LIKE IN THE COMICS; BUT THIS MARY WORTH DIDN'T WANT TO HELP...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

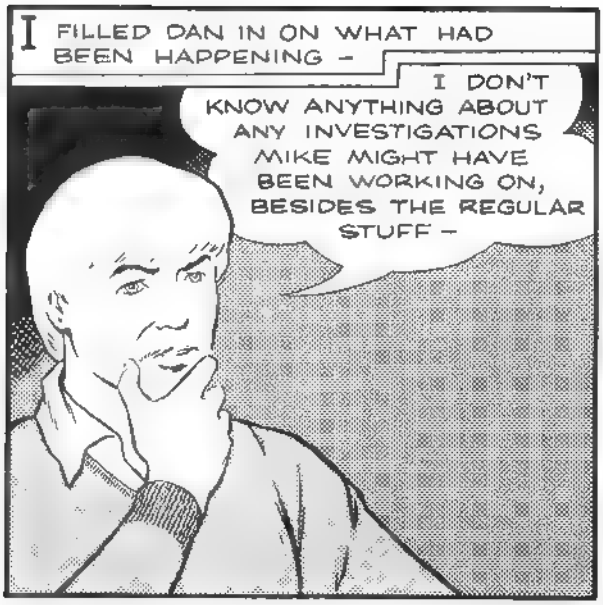
ANY INVESTIGATION MR EDWARDS WAS INVOLVED IN OFFICIALLY, I WOULD KNOW ABOUT. IF HE HIRED YOUR HUSBAND TO WORK FOR HIM, IT'S THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT.

IF I'D BEEN IN THE JURY BOX LISTENING TO THAT SUMMATION, I WOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT IT: SHE WAS LYING – RIGHT DOWN TO THE TREMOR IN HER VOICE.
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU OUT –

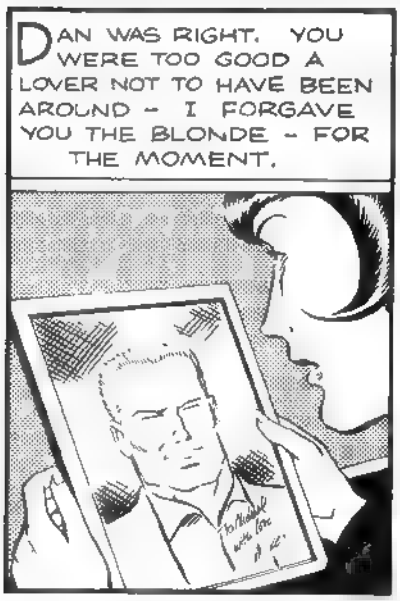
CONSIDER THIS, MS. TREE – IF CARL EDWARDS WAS UNDERTAKING A SUB ROSA INQUIRY – AND I DID KNOW – WOULD IT BE WISE TO ADMIT IT, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO CARL?

YOU'D HAVE COMPLETE CONFIDENTIALITY ON MY PART – MY PROTECTION...
OH – DO YOU MEAN YOU'LL TRACK DOWN MY KILLER, TOO? GOOD DAY, MS TREE.
4

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN I FINALLY GOT TO MY OWN OFFICE ...
ANYTHING IMPORTANT TODAY, EFF.E ?
WE'RE GETTING APPLICATIONS IN FOR THE RECEPTIONIST'S JOB -
YOU SOUND ANXIOUS TO START YOUR NEW JOB AS MY ASSISTANT.
GUILTY. DAN GREEN'S BEEN ASKING ONCE EVERY 15 MINUTES IF YOU'RE IN YET. WANTS TO TALK -
SEND HIM IN IMMEDIATELY.
IS THIS FAST ENOUGH ?
SINCE YOU CANNED ROGER FREEMONT, I'M 'ASS-DEEP IN WORK - WE NEED ANOTHER INVESTIGATOR, FAST.
AND I'M NOT CARRYING MY OWN WEIGHT, EITHER - IS THAT IT ?
I'M ALL FOR YOU DIGGING INTO MIKE'S MURDER - IN FACT, I'D LIKE TO HELP - BUT WE GOT CLIENTS TO SERVICE.
FAIR ENOUGH. LET'S SUB-CONTRACT SOME WORK TO MIST INVESTIGATIONS, TILL WE FIND A REPLACEMENT FOR FREEMONT. NOW - I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS...
5


I FILLED DAN IN ON WHAT HAD BEEN HAPPENING –
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY INVESTIGATIONS MIKE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORKING ON, BESIDES THE REGULAR STUFF –

AND AS FOR THE BLONDE AT MIKE'S GRAVESIDE – FORGIVE ME – HE WAS A HEALTHY GUY. YOU WEREN'T THE FIRST WOMAN HE EVER MET.


DAN WAS RIGHT. YOU WERE TOO GOOD A LOVER NOT TO HAVE BEEN AROUND – I FORGAVE YOU THE BLONDE – FOR THE MOMENT.

I ALMOST FORGOT – YOU HAD A CALL FROM THE SUBURBAN P.D. THAT HANDLED MIKE'S...

DEATH. THEY HAVE SOME THINGS OF HIS – PERSONAL EFFECTS.

THAT REMINDED ME – I NEEDED TO GO TO YOUR APARTMENT – CLEAN IT OUT. I HADN'T FACED THAT YET. WE WERE GOING TO LIVE THERE...

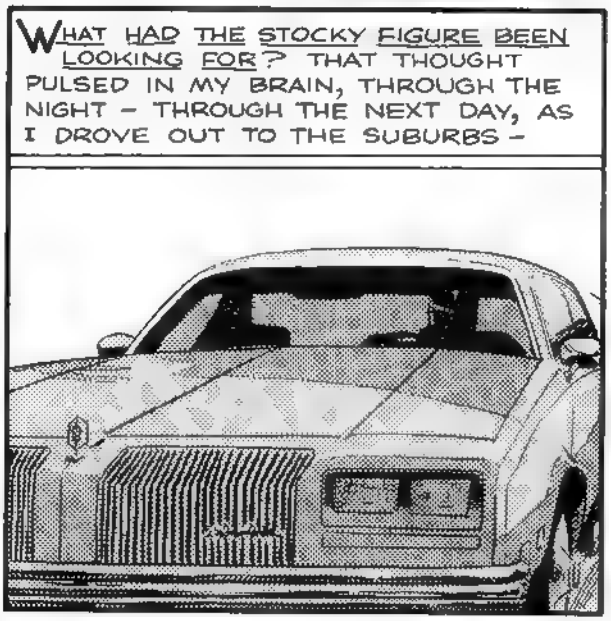
I CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO YOUR FOURTH-FLOOR LOFT APARTMENT – AND WHEN I UNLOCKED THE DOOR AND STEPPED IN –
6

SOMEBODY HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, MIKE -
OR STILL WAS -
BUMP!
THE NOISE CAME FROM THE BEDROOM -
POW!
BANG
HE WAS GONE - HE LOOKED LIKE A "HE," ANYWAY, FROM THE GLIMPSE OF THE STOCKY FORM I GOT -
7

THE QUESTION IS, DID HE FIND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR?

THAT'S JUST ONE QUESTION, CHICK - ANOTHER IS WHAT WAS HE LOOKING FOR? WHAT THE HELL WAS HE LOOKING FOR?

ARE YOU OKAY, MICHAEL?
YEAH. ARE YOUR PRINT BOYS ABOUT DONE? I WANT TO STRAIGHTEN THE PLACE UP.


WHAT HAD THE STOCKY FIGURE BEEN LOOKING FOR? THAT THOUGHT PULSED IN MY BRAIN, THROUGH THE NIGHT - THROUGH THE NEXT DAY, AS I DROVE OUT TO THE SUBURBS -

HERE'S HIS STUFF, MRS. TREE - KEYS, MONEY, COMB, WATCH - AND SOME KIND OF BOOK. SIGN FOR IT, WOULD YA?

ADDRESSES and NUMBERS
8
TO BE CONTINUED

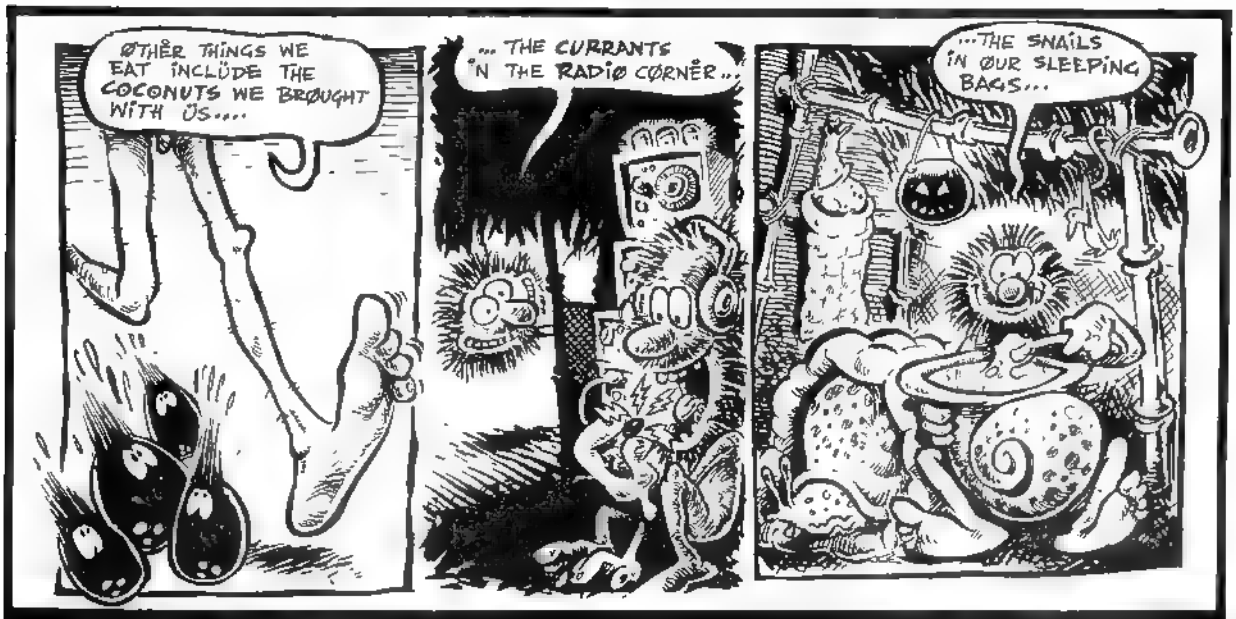
NEXT ISSUE...

A SENSATIONAL COVER PAINTING BY **MICHAEL WM. KALUTA II**

STEVE ENGLEHART & MARSHALL ROGERS' COYOTE
continues his amazing adventure between two dimensions!

MAX ALLAN COLLINS & TERRY BEATTY'S MS. TREE
uses her late husband's phone book to trace his killer.

TRINA ROBBINS' DOPE expands to reveal the origins
of a drug addiction in ***"A Star is Born--And Falls".***


ØTHÊR THINGS WE EAT INCLÜDE THE COCONUTS WE BRØUGHT WITH ÜS....
... THE CURRANTS 'N THE RADIØ CØRNÊR...
...THE SNAILS IN ØUR SLEEPING BAGS...

HUNT EMERSON begins a new mini-series called **KON-TIKI**
which follows bizarre creatures who eat everything in sight!

RICK GEARY brings his unique brand of humor to bear
on the British mystery form in ***"A Victorian Murder".***

ALEX SIMMONS & JIM SHERMAN present an
exciting story about a team of psychic investigators.

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***Don McGregor** and **Paul Gulacy's** heroic swashbuckler is now back in print in a specially priced third edition with a new cover painting by Gulacy! Now you can read the book that started it all!*

ECLIPSE COMMENTS

Please address all your letters to:
Eclipse Comments, Eclipse Enterprises,
81 Delaware Street, Staten Island, N.Y. 10304

Dear Dean,

Eclipse is an innovative new project. A blow-by-blow account of **Eclipse**#1:

The cover is Gulacy at his best! Richly detailed, beautifully rendered...this side of his style is seen too little.

Slab: My views are slanted because of my total love of Marshall Rogers' work as well as my predilection for "funny animals." Intriguing storyline, interesting characters and superbly delineated sound effects!! I was very taken with Steve Englehart's dialogues. I look forward to further adventures of Klonsbon and the Agent. Any chance for a graphic novel?

Amber III: Pleasantly disturbing and poetic coupled with Jim Starlin's ever-impeccable artwork. I particularly enjoyed the pen-and-ink style in your black and white format and hope to see more of his work featured.

Death: Morbidly amusing. Howard "Barefootz" Cruse's unique brand of satire is a refreshing change.

The Chimera: Craig Russell's art was indescribably dazzling, but I found the plot difficult to follow. His use of the finished pencil medium, however was stunning.

Cartoon Man: I love psychological introspection as well as irony and I love Marc Hempel's stuff, so...need I say more?

"I, For an Eye": A refreshingly different detective yarn, and that comes from someone with a total aversion to mysteries! Bright, fresh art and a heart wrenching story. I've always had a soft spot for avengers of death, especially when they look like Ms. Tree. Good job, Max Collins and Terry Beatty! Bravo!

All in all, one sharp package, folks!

Jeff Christian
13 Peppermill Rd.
Chatham Twp., NJ 07928

(Well, Jeff, your comments are appreciated. If you enjoy the work of Steve Englehart and Marshall Rogers, you can look forward to the continuation of **Coyote**, and a new three-part mini-series coming up, plus the first **Sundancer**, which brings back the Foozie and the Agent of Storbor--D.M.)

Dear Dean,

Ms. Tree is by far my favorite strip in **Eclipse**. Although Terry Beatty's artwork doesn't have the same texture as many others, I love his simple style. And Max Collins writes to entertain, not to preach. Would it be possible to adapt his **Nolan** mystery series to comics?

Coyote is going to be good. I've always loved superheroes and none do it better than Englehart and Rogers.

Dope was fun. I like Trina's 1940's style art and think she's doing a marvelous job adapting Rohmer's novel to comics.

Quick Trim by Howard Cruse belongs in an underground, or a leftist pamphlet, not in a magazine that costs $2.95. I want to be entertained, not lectured on the evils of right-wing extremism.

Rick Rabbit: Steve Leialoha draws funny animals like no one else, they have a charm of their own.

Finally, Michael Golden's cover was a nice surprise, and I loved the enclosed special print. Let's have more special prints and more color.

Hector Rambla
712 w. 176th St., #5E
NY, NY 10033

(Thanks for your advice, Hector, and as you'll notice this issue, Howard Cruse does not have a "leftist" strip. In fact, Howard has no strip at all this issue. He's had too many other commitments to meet the deadline, but he promises me that he'll be back in the **Eclipse** line-up soon enough.

Regarding your statement that Cruse belongs in an underground comic, I'm sorry, but I can't agree. I don't think it fair to say that a good cartoonist "belongs" anywhere. One of my objectives with **Eclipse** is to present a diverse magazine, one that is representative of many styles, approaches, and outlooks. **Eclipse** is not an "underground" comics magazine, nor is it an "overground" comics magazine. It's a comics magazine, period. I think it unfortunate that the lines defining "underground" and "overground" have been so firmly delineated. One thing I'm trying to say with **Eclipse** is "Hey, don't just look at the same type of comics all the time. Check out what other people are doing."

One final note re. Terry Beatty's art--sure, it's not as "textured" as, for example, Marshall Rogers' art. It's not supposed to be. Marshall's art is perfectly suited to **Coyote**, and Terry's is perfect for **Ms. Tree**, just as Trina's is suited to **Dope**. Cruse's to **Quick Trim**, etc., etc. Not every story can--or should--be told the same way, again have to point out that in **Eclipse** I'm looking to present a diverse and well balanced magazine. D.M.)

Dear Dean,

Eclipse #2 is finally here and I am immediately captivated by the fine Michael Golden cover. Two issues to date and two superb cover artists.

Coming to the first story, Leialoha's **Rick Rabbit** tail (sic)--I immediately take to the artwork. I never tire of seeing Leialoha's work. However, I have a strong distaste for funny animal stories and this was no exception: so far the only exceptions have been written by Steve Gerber.

He Always Wanted To Write For Ernie Kovacs is probably my favorite in the whole issue. The art was fresh and original, and the story...! The story was an excellent look at one man and his dreams, and at the contemporary, television-weaned American society. More of this type of work, please.

Next up is **Coyote**. I am a sucker for anything written by Steve Englehart, or drawn by Marshall Rogers. So far we have only seen the beginning of an intriguing story, and I'm sure the characterizations will develop as the story moves along.

Turning the page I find **What's the Little Blond-Haired Guy Doing Here?**. I don't know what he's doing in Harlem, except for looking like the winner in the Don McGregor look-alike contest but I'm sure glad he's in **Eclipse**. It is a nice short story that I think asks a very interesting question about men, and I guess people in general. Billy Graham's art was absolutely splendid. His mixture of surrealism and Eisner cartoonism came off very well. I definitely hope that we see more of Mr. Graham's work in future issues of Eclipse.

Trina Robbins' adaptation of Sax Rohmer's **Dope** is next. Trina's art did not disappoint me. The story however, did. I had something different in mind when I heard about this story being adapted to comics.

Gerber and Mayerik's **Role Model** is not bad, but Mayerik's art seems a bit stiff, and I think Gerber's stories of late have reflected the California life-style too much.

Crime in the City...what!??? I think I would like to see more of Rick Geary's work, but don't know why yet!

Ms. Tree is next. I think I'm in love. Let me see more of her, but don't tell my wife. That's it for now; thank you for a very entertaining magazine.

Thom Young
10369 Barnsdale
Boise, ID 83704

(It seems as though the verdict on **Ms. Tree** is unanimous. Everyone of you who has written in has, like Thom, fallen in love with Max and Terry's private eye. We've plans for Ms. Tree, and once the 6-part "I, For An Eye" is completed (in **Eclipse**#6), you'll be seeing more of her. In fact, Max has already given me the synopsis for the second serial.

Next issue, Thom, you should be able to figure out what you like about Rick Geary's work. He'll have a 4-pager called "A Victorian Murder." For those of you who already know why you like Rick's work, he's published a bunch of mini-books which are absolutely wonderful. Contact him at: P.O. Box 99835, San Diego, CA 92109 for ordering information.

That's it for this issue, folks. See ya next issue.--D.M.)

CONTRIBUTORS

BEATTY

Terry's work on **Ms. Tree** in **Eclipse** #1 has brought him critical acclaim. He's currently editing a new underground comic as he prepares new Mike Mist adventures with Max Allan Collins for serialization in **Mystery Magazine.**

COLAN

Gene Colan has been drawing comics for 35 years and is currently the artist of The Batman and Wonder Woman. Lauded by his fellow artists and writers for his exquisite pencils, this issue marks the first time Gene's finished pencils have seen print uninked.

COLLINS

Max's latest **Nolan** crime novel, **Fly Paper**, has been released from Pinnacle Books, and the 4th book in the series (due in October) will be entitled **Hush Money**. He's also completed the 50th anniversay story of **Dick Tracy**, and contributed to the **Spirit** jam.

EMERSON

Hunt Emerson is a British cartoonist whose work has appeared in many magazines in England and throughout Europe. He has also toured with rock bands, providing graphics and promotional art work. Rip Off Press recently published his solo underground comic, **Thunderdogs.**

ENGLEHART

Steve Englehart's first novel, **The Point Man**, was just issued by Dell Books, and he is negotiating the publishing rights to his second novel. Besides **Coyote** and the upcoming **Sundancer** series, Steve is collaborating with Marshall Rogers on a new mini-series to be published by Eclipse.

GERBER

While continuing work as a story editor for Ruby-Spears Productions, Steve is currently collaborating with Gene Colan on a "Phantom Zone" mini-series at DC, and with Jack Kirby on **Destroyer Duck**, a special benefit comic to raise money for Steve's "Howard the Duck" copyright suit.

KAZ

Kaz was born in Hoboken, NJ, and spends most of his time drawing comics and drinking cough medicine. He claims to be a positive subversive with his work and mentions Edward D. Wood, Jr. as his main inspiration. His work has appeared in **The N.Y. Rocker**, **Raw** and will be in **High Times.**

MCGREGOR

Don is currently writing a new **Killraven** story which reunites him with artist P. Craig Russell and both of them with the Killraven mythos which they produced to great critical acclaim five years ago. Don promises Killraven fans that the secret of "Deathraven" will be revealed.

MAYERIK

Val Mayerik is currently illustrating a number of stories at Marvel Comics, including **The Micronauts**, and at Warren Publishing, **The Mist** with writer Don McGregor. Val currently lives and works in his native Ohio, after spending the last few years in New York.

POUND

John Pound lives in California and was an innovative underground cartoonist for many years before turning most of his attention to painting. He has illustrated two beautiful portfolios-the recent **Power & Glory** in full color-and is quickly becoming one of the most successful cover painters in the field.

ROBBINS

Often referred to as "The First Lady of Underground Comix," Trina Robbins lives in San Francisco. She tells **Dope** fans to look forward to the introduction of the notorious Madame Sin in a future installment. Aside from **Dope**, her most recent work is "Ankhensenamun," a color story in **Epic** #8.

ROGERS

Marshall Rogers is working on a new mini-series with Steve Englehart which Eclipse will release late this year. His Batman portfolio for Sal Q. Productions sold out immediately upon publication, although some dealers may have copies left if you look hard enough.

VESS

Charles Vess works out of a New York studio, whose collection, **Children of the Twilight**, published by Archival Press, is a valuable out-of-print collectors' item. His story, "Children of the Stars," is being serialized in **Epic** in an expanded version from that originally published in **Media Showcase.**

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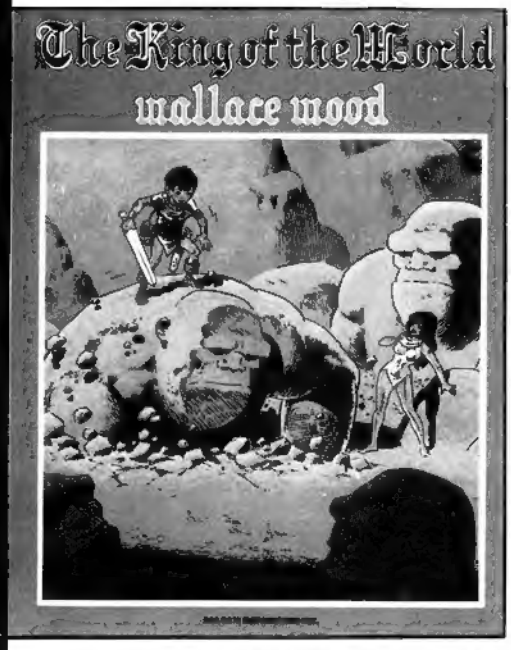

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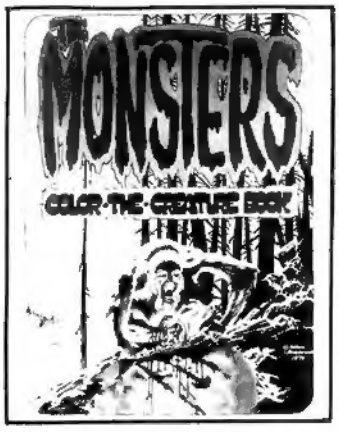

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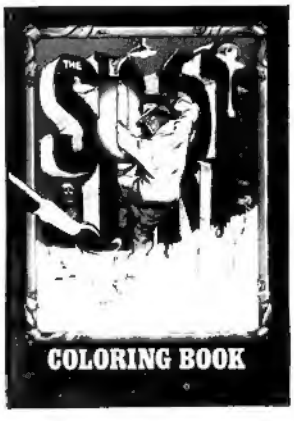

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